





Class PS 3537

Book C29 T5

Copyright No. 1922

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT



Thoughts From Nature's Heart

By HARRIET TRIELOFF SCHELIN



219
1784

THOUGHTS FROM NATURE'S HEART

BY

HARRIET TRIELOFF SCHELIN



COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY GIDEON SCHELIN

Watertown, Mass.
W. P. Cooke, printer.

PS3537
C29T5
1922

301

DEC 21 '22

© CIA 690619

100 |

And I love to look and to ponder
On the little I see and hear :
To know it's a part of God's great plan
To bring nature and man more near.

“Behind the Window.”

*A PRAYER

Wilt Thou lead me, gentle Father,
Lead me where I ought to go?
With my hand in Thine, dear Father,
Let me never weary grow
Of the living and the giving
Of thy Love's eternal flow.

Wilt Thou watch me, gentle Father,
Watch my nature's deepest bent?
That, looking in Thy Face, dear Father,
I may see Thy whole consent,
And my hurry and my worry
May be lost in sweet content.

Wilt thou guide me, gentle Father,
Guide me as Thou seest best?
To Thy love crowned home, dear Father,
In the mansions of the Blest,
Where all moaning and all groaning
Shall be hushed in peace and rest.

Wilt Thou shield me, gentle Father,
Shield me from earth's sin and shame,
Shield me with Thy love, dear Father,
In the dear Redeemer's name?
That His sighing and His dying
May not seem to be in vain.

Wilt Thou teach me, gentle Father,
Teach me how to DO and BE?
That I may at length, dear Father
A faint reflection prove of Thee.
And my teaching and outreaching
May bring others home to Thee.

Oct., 1908

*See Page 126 for Revision.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

1	Tribute— <i>Helene Hoffman Cole</i>	
2	Twilight Reflections— <i>Anna M. Trieloff</i>	1
3	The Presence— <i>Gideon Schelin</i>	2
4	Introduction— <i>Alma J. Trieloff</i>	3
5	Poems	5
6	Prose.....	134
7	Index to Titles.....	189
8	Index to First Lines.....	193

HARRIET TRIELOFF SCHELIN

On the second of January the sweet muse of Harriet Trieloff Schelin was forever stilled. As Mrs. Gideon Schelin, she is unknown to amateur journalism, but many of the members will remember the poetry of Harriet Trieloff, sweet with a strength of soul that breathed of the vast outdoors. It was fresh, clear-eyed strength that permeated Harriet Trieloff both as poet and friend. Her poetry was full of the Minnesota forest land because she loved it so, and it was up there, close to nature, that her bright flame went out. Although she had been inactive since the days of the Scriptores she had promised lately that she would return to active membership, and now her friends can only mourn her.

HELENE H. COLE.

TWILIGHT REFLECTIONS

Far in the West, the sun is sinking
 Into a quiet calm;

Deep in my soul, near thots are linking
 Me to you, with soft'ning balm.

Far in the West, the faintly fading
 Sun does find its rest;
So does my Spirit—sweet mem'ries aiding—
 Find yours, in union blest.

Far down the years, oh dearly loved one,
 Your life, like the ling'ring ray,
Will aye shine forth, and in purest reflection
 To our Home, will point the way.

Far seems that Home, yet while thinking
 Dear sister, of you—it nears;
As the deep'ning shadows are linking
 Me to you, in the falling tears.

South Haven, 1, 18, '19

—A. M. T.

THE PRESENCE

The fading rays of the sunset are tinting
The treetops in gold 'midst their glimmering green.
Calmly the lake is reflecting the message
Of the sunset's glories in beauteous sheen.

Hushed is the whisper of leaves in the treetops,
Stilled is the twitter of birds on their limbs,
Softly the silence of evening enwraps all
As nature in stillness of prayer to God hymns.

As in the gloaming I sit all enraptured,
In the beauties of nature in prayerful repose,
Peaceful the Presence that comes to enfold me
In the One-ness which Love divine only bestows.

In this One-ness of Life where death never enters,
Love's character lives and Her Presence imparts
To all whose lives are to Truth consecrated,
Who seek Her in pureness of Mind and of heart.

My loved one's not gone, she dwells in The Presence,
Soothing and cheering me on my lone way.
In the holy hush of these evening reveries
She guides me to Truth thru Love's leavening rays.

—G. S.

INTRODUCTION

To revise, publish and read the poetry of one who at that time has already been called to "The Great Beyond" is a task at once so painful and so pleasant that language seems to fail us in its capacity to express its own. Painful, because it keeps before us more than ever the startling fact that Time again has deprived us of the presence of one without whom life will never again be quite the same—quite complete; pleasant, because it links us to that very Presence at its best. Or shall I say the Real Self, tho gone, is ever with us, giving its view-point unrestrainedly—checked, as it were, neither by impulses within or conditions without.

Again, had "Our Loved One" lived, who knows whether we ever should have seen her aspirations in print! There was a certain shyness, or shall I say modesty about her, which made her hesitate to show herself at her innate, true value and not one of us, husband or mother, sister or brother, ever caught her in the act of actually writing. Of at least two-thirds of her efforts no one but herself knew anything. It was but thru the untiring efforts of her husband that her very best selections were found, one by one; and the hiding places themselves were as inconspicuous as was the author. Not even of "The Ode of the Memory of My Father," to me her favorite poem, did anyone, the family included, know the existence.

In terms of a life lived so unpretentiously and so unassumingly, of a soul misunderstood by all but a few

whose power of comprehension is far above that of the rest of us, we, her nearest and dearest, publish her writings, mainly for relatives and friends. Should others outside of that little circle wish to share our pleasure of reading, we shall be glad indeed, to serve them in the name of her whose physical serving has ceased to be. May her gentle spirit, better fit for a larger realm, look down upon our efforts in approval.

—A. J. T.

Carver, September 28, 1919.



CLASS SONG OF 1903

Our darling school is o'er at last,
Its lessons closed and done;
Its troubles and its joys are past,
Our victory is won.
We look forward to our pleasures bright
Of a glad vacation morn,
And see upon Commencement Night
A rose without a thorn.

Chorus: Yet firm in Memory's fond embrace
Are locked the dear school days,
And oft in running life's long race
We'll stop to chant their peerless praise.

Tonight we speak the parting word
To teachers, patient, tender;
Tonight we gird the future's sword,
And that of the past surrender.
Though on the threshold of learning, but
We've reached the goal at last,
And though the future holds a different lot,
We'll ne'er forget the past.

Chorus: Yet firm in Memory's fond embrace
Are locked the dear school days,
And oft in running life's long race
We'll stop to chant their peerless praise.

BEHIND THE WINDOW

Only a bit of narrow woods,
On a richly carpeted knoll,
Only a bit of sunshine and sky,
Above and beyond, that is all.

But oh, the sunshine is cheering,
And the trees are so graceful and tall;
As they gently sway and rustle
In their Indian robes of fall.

And the stars at midnight bear a message
Directly from our own God;
And the creeping vines by autumn touched
Form a bed of flowers on the dark green sod.

And there's beauty and music and sunshine
In the very air that I breathe,
A message, a lesson and a charge to me
In all the birds and trees.

And I love to look and to ponder
On the little I see and hear;
To know it's a part of God's great plan
To bring Nature and man more near.

But sometimes the heavens are clouded
And I listen and look and long

For the sunshine, the birds and the insects
And the stars that have faded and gone.

Then I compare my life to the morning
That never has seen a sun;
And think my path is as lonely and sad
As the night without a moon.

And I think of Him whose earthly life
Was so full of sorrow and pain;
And then, of the heavenly peace that followed
When He died and rose again.

And then thru the darkness out of my window
And thru the world's sorrow and wrong;
I catch a vision of the light of Heaven,
And by the strength of the storm I grow strong.

Fall, 1906.



Be thou as the lily, pure,
And as the violet, lowly,
And as the sweet for-get-me-not,
Let your life be true and holy.

Be thou as the lily, pure,
And as the rose, be tender,
But as the modest violet, maid,
Thy will to His, surrender.

"TO DARLING BABY"

A thousand times may God be praised;
A thousand grateful prayers be raised;
A thousand anxious fears are stilled;
A thousand wistful hopes fulfilled.

How often have we prayed to see
Thy little life launched peacefully!
At last thou liest, loved and blessed
Folded to thy mother's breast.

Father, make her all Thine own,
Love her, keep her, guide her Home
And Thou who'st died her soul to free,
May she early turn to Thee.

1-4, '09.

WHEN LOVE FAILED IN ITS MISSION

A pilgrim child is fainting,
Is falling by the road,
Has almost dropped exhausted
Beneath her heavy load.

She never spoke of her burden,
Never complained of the care,
Till I found her crushed and bleeding
In the Demon arms of Despair.

Her eyes had that wild defiance
Which comes when all hope is gone,
When love has failed in its mission
To a lonely, unpopular one.

Long had I seen and known her,
Had gone with her in and out;
But had never measured her struggles
Nor fathomed her thick'ning doubt.

Had never thot of her comfort,
Had selfishly prayed for my own;
As if that suffering Saviour
Had died for me alone!

To Him her life was as dear as mine,
For He loved us both the same;
To her He gave the compassion,
To me, perhaps the blame.

She heeds not now our calling,
Nor wakens when we weep;
For lo, the Master Musician,
Has lulled our loved one to sleep.

Spring, 1909 (?)

FATHER, I THANK THEE

Father, I thank Thee that thou didst will it so
That from thy great white throne
Thou didst bend and whisper low,
"Servant, ye shall not go alone."

Alone to an unknown heathen land,
O'er a dark and dangerous sea;
Where she did see Thy guiding hand
Point a vision of work for Thee.

She did not waver, Lord, to say,
"Thy will, not mine be done."
Thou hast not wavered to repay
Thy true and trusting one.

He did not heed this vain world's cry,
Which fain had lured him to its own;
But thru sweet faith he gazed on high,
And kept his gaze on Thy white throne.

Oh, Thou by whom thru many tears
This wondrous faith thru Love survives,
Thou wilt not fail in future years
To bless these two united lives.

1-31,'09.

—To E. E. B.

Oh, for the luxury of somebody's love,
Somebody's heart lost wholly in mine;
Oh, what a blessing direct from above,
To have somebody say, "Thou art mine."

LOVE

Love is a passion deep and strong,
Life led by love is a siren's song.

Love has a language all its own,
A language spoken in every tongue.

Love is a story often told,
A wondrous tale which ne'er grows old.

Love is this great world's lullaby,
For it hushes the weary nation's cry.

Love is a troubled spirit's rest,
While the trembling form is clasped to its breast.

Love is a master, firm but tender,
To follow her law is self-surrender.

Love is a badge of sin forgiven,
Brot to Earth from One in heaven.

Love is a soul from Heaven sent,
For Love is God's own monument.

CONSECRATION

Freely Thou hast given,
Freely let me take;
In error I've been sleeping,
In Truth I am awake.

Longingly I hungered,
Completely hast Thou fed,
Hast giv'n Thy broken body
To be my Living Bread.

Parchingly I thirsted,
Meekly at the brink
Of Thy Living Water
Thou hast bid me drink.

Meekly I will follow,
Prayerfully and sure,
Humbly I will worship,
Joyfully endure.

Freely I have taken,
Freely I will give,
Fully have I promised,
Fully may I live.

2-7-'09.

THE SILENT SERMON OF THE STARS

They gleam, they glow, they glisten,
They glitter o'er the glimmering sea;
They seem to be the eyes of heaven
Silently watching you and me.

They thrill us with purer passions,
They fill us with loftier light,
They seem like silent sermons,
Thru the holy hush of night.

The perilous path of the pilot,
The wanderer from afar,
And even the ancient Wise men,
Were directed by a star.

Changeful ages have vanished,
Nations have come and gone;
Men have fought and been vanquished,
But the same steady stars shine on.

Poverty may banish
From the mountain or lake or fall;
But the quiet constellations
Are the heritage of all.

No earth-born canvass can liken
That beaming, sparkling tent;
For the hand of the Master Artist
Has painted the firmament.

A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS

“Child of my brain,”
Go, wander forth at will,
Visit the poor
And sit beside the ill.
Where Happiness is queen,
And pleasures always reign,
Thy humble little message
Would only meet disdain.
Thou wert born of sorrow
And taught of Sorrow’s need.
Go, wander forth, my heart-child
Where sister sorrows bleed.

Voice of the woods,
All hidden by the green,
Let thy note be heard,
Let thy face be seen.
Thy owner is not worthy
Of honor or of fame;
Thy mission is for Jesus,
Thy song is in His name.
Thou wert born of sorrow
And taught of Jesus’ Word.
Oh, voice out of the wilderness,
Go “crying” for thy Lord.

DAWN

Another day is breaking,
Slow soars the winged night;
Earth is reawakening,
The East is ribbed with light.

A thousand throats are swelling,
In warbling melody,
A thousand songsters telling
Of heavenly harmony.

Oh, listen to its singing,
This choir taught of God;
It sets the forests ringing,
And the echoes to applaud.

In yonder vale the village lies
Immantled in the mist,
Until the lifting light arise,
And dews and damps are kissed.

Oh, watch the day advancing,
Oh, watch the broadening gray;
Oh, see the sunbeams dancing,
The dawn has wooed the day.

Another day is breaking,
Fast flees another night;
Earth is reawakening
In love and light and life.

DAYBREAK

There's rift in the eastern horizon;
There's a far, faint line of light;
Then the mingling of light and color
Chasten far the stilly night.

There's a stir among the branches,
An awak'ning in the nests;
And a twittering and a trilling
From a thousand little breasts.

Higher still and higher climbs
That chariot of fire,,
Louder still and sweeter sings
Our consecrated choir.

Happy is the waking world
And all the children in it;
Glad to see the new-born day,
To welcome and begin it.

7-17-'10.

THE SUMMER SKY

O hazy heights of summer sky,
O, dreamy depths of blue;
With graceful swallows sailing by,
The long, long season thru.

With fleeces floating listlessly
Against the azure dome
And stars peep forth resistlessly,
To win the wanderer home.

Depths may have their fascination,
And lengths and breadths their grace;
But the winged imagination
Travels upward into space.

A SUMMER'S SONG

Dreamily, drowsily drifting by,
Cool and clear are the clouds on high,
Calm and cool and clear is the sky,
The summer season surrounds us.

Leisurely, listlessly lingering on,
Lazily loiters the river along;
Sluggish and slow and soft is its song;
Its murmuring motion resoundeth.

Breezily buzzes the bumblebee by,
Brilliant the beautiful butterfly;
Blooming and blowing and blushing sky,
Fragrant flowers are nodding.

Tenderly, tunefully twittering near,
Peaceful the pretty birds appear,
Hark, how happy the hearts I hear,
The answering echoes applauding.

Wilfully washing its watery way,
Busily bustles the brook to the bay,
Bubbling and babbling and brimming away.
What wonder the wanderer wakens.

Melody, music and mirth abound;
Man in his merriest mood is found;
Holiness, happiness, health all around,
To heavenly harmony take him.

THE HEAVENLY POWER

The mutest cry that e'er ascended
Was heard at the Throne of Grace;
The deaf can hear His gentle voice,
The blind can see His face.

No murmured prayer was ever offered
By lisping babyhood,
No infant's cry was ever uttered,
But that He understood.

We gaze upon the midnight stars
In baffled admiration,
We watch the noiseless centuries tread,
We ponder o'er their destination.

A thousand years to Him on High
Are but as yesterday;
The burning sun, the beaming moon,
The planets own His sway.

The lowliest blade is not too tiny,
To come forth at His call;
The waters of the sea obey Him!
For he is Lord of all.

The kneeling nations pray to him
All tongues and accents blending;
To Him who knows all languages
Our stubborn wills are bending.

We do not understand His ways
Or know His hidden powers;
As high as heaven is over earth
His mind is over ours.

May, 1909

FROM THE SPIRIT'S DEPTH

Wearily the wind is sighing,
And heavily drops the rain,
Drip, drop, drop, drip,
Against the window pane.
Drearly the coo-coo's crying
But he cryeth in vain, in vain.

Mournfully the sea is sobbing,
And the foghorn calls out dismally
Whoo-wo-o-o Wooo-wo-o-oo,
Across the watery way,
And the ocean's bosom throbbing
Tosses the ships at bay.

Heavily my heart is heaving
And my spirit moans in its pain,
Oh! O-o-o! O-o-o! Oh!
Has all my life been vain?
To the cross my soul is cleaving,
Saviour, make me whole again.

7-20-'09.

ODE TO FRIENDSHIP

Oh, heart, I would that thou wert silent
 Forever in my breast;
Thou cryest out so loud and long;
 Thou moanest and art distressed.
I cannot labor, heart of mine,
 While thou lamentest so;
My feverish frame can find no rest
 While thou tossest it to and fro.

Oh night, night, night!
 Why bringest thou back the pain?
Has all this long day's labor
 Brot weariness in vain?
Oh night, night, night!
 Oh cruel, relentless night!
Would I could turn thy haunting darkness
 Into toiling, dead'ning light!

Longing, longing, longing
 For the gentle caress of a hand;
For the only human being
 That could always understand;
For the sympathy without measure;
 For the candor unmarred by blame;
For the earnest advice of a loving heart
 That bled when mine was in pain.

Oh, Love, Love, Love!
 Thou sacred passion and pain;

Thou highest law of God above,
Thou holiest bond of men,
Come, whisper, tell me who thou art,
Thou strange, thou wild intruder.
Art thou mocking my poor heart,
Or comest thou as a brother?

Thou camest as a forest fire,
With wild and sudden might;
Thou ling'rest as its glowing coals,
Thru rain, thru shine, thru night.
Thou makest life a weary weight,
And death a deep desire;
Thou yearnest and thou burnest on
Oh strange, Oh sacred fire!

Yet, is it strange that I should love
With all a woman's daring?
Oh, is it strange that I should long
With such passionate despairing?
Jonathan his David had
And Tennyson his Hallam;
Why should not truest womanhood
Give her first love to woman?

And is it meet that man shculd mourn;
Should ever ask to understand
The kind mysterious leading
Of that loving, unseen hand?
Is it not wrong that Love should weep,
Should ever yearn and crave and long;
Because to bigger, better service
The loved one was led on?

Oh Friendship, thou art selfish;
Thou defeatest thine own end;

For the love that only longeth,
Hindereth thy friend.
She whom God hath called to service
 Needeth thy most earnest prayers;
Go, thank the Father that He gave her,
 And wipe thy helpless tears.

Out in the world's wide whit'ning vineyard
 Some fruit without thee will not ripen;
Some little corner, dark and dreary,
 Thy light alone can brighten.
And O, the heavy, heavy burdens,
 That other hearts alone must bear,
The while thou liest, idly weeping,
 For the love thou wouldest not share.

Knowest thou not that God hath given thee
 Such a tender Love as thine,
In His gentleness to lead thee
 To His deeper, love divine?
Knowest thou not that earthly friendships
 Are but stepping-stones to God?
He who craves a "soul-companion,"
 Must seek the living Son of God.

Oct., 1910.

Friendship loved and waited,
Long, long, alone,
Waited for a letter
From the cherished one;
Wept and wished and waited
With love's hope unabated,
But the letter did not come.
Friendship's heart grew wistful
As the weary weeks went by;
For the longing never sleepeth
Till Love will satisfy;
And the heart grew worn with pleading,
Worn and torn with constant bleeding;
But friendship did not die.

A PRAYER FOR A FRIEND

She will not show her deep wound
Oh, help her, Heavenly Father,
Help her to be strong;
Draw her close, dear Saviour,
Let her not go wrong.

She loves Thee, Heavenly Father,
As few earthly creatures dare;
She tries to serve The, Saviour,
Save her from despair.

I know her heart is heavy
Tho her lips' sweet smile is fair;
Her voice is so sad and earnest,
Each murmur is a prayer.

I know her limbs are aching,
Her cross is made of pain;
Her heart is well-nigh breaking,
Tho her lips will not complain.

She will not show her deep wound,
Nor let me help her bear;
So all that I can give her
Is just a friend's deep prayer.

Oh, hear my wild petition,
Oh, heed my pleading cry,
Give her Thy peace for blessing
And wipe her tear-dimmed eye.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE

I went into a bloody field
Where the battle of life was on,
And every face was hard and cold
And every feature drawn.

And every person that I saw
Was a soldier battle tried,
But never a one showed comradeship
To the warrior at his side.

But the friends of youth I could not see
Or else they passed me by,
And those who once had wished me well
Now watched with jealous eye.

But I had come with a loving heart
To help my fellow men
And with my youthful bouyance
I sang a song to them.



Dear little room, at last, at last
I'm coming back to you,
Out of the school days of the past
I bring you a welcome true.

THE DROUGHT

High in a tree,
A nest I see,
Swinging and swaying, swinging and swaying
The tall tree tosses,
Its large limbs crosses,
For the wild west winds are playing;
But far away
Like a minstrel's lay
The bird's gay song is ringing,
For he is free
As the restless sea,
And his life was given for singing.

Far away,
O'er the hillsides gray,
The earth is baking and burning;
The hot sun scorches
Like blazing torches;
And years of lean are returning.
Yet, from the rushes,
A pure spring gushes,
And a brook goes slipping and sliding.
It babbles along
Like a childhood song,
O'er its grassy bottoms riding.

Far o'er the lake
The lilies awake

And the lazy boats are sailing:
 'Tis the bridal hour
 Of the garden flower
And only man is wailing.
 On buzzing wings,
 The honey-bee sings,
Nor laments the lack of raining,
 For Nature can treasure
 Unlimited measure,
And man alone is complaining.

7-11-'10.



Every pine tree is laden,
Is kneeling before our King;
And the voiceless prayer from its bosom
Makes the silent forest ring.

Each tiny leaflet is praising,
Is offering a prayer of its own;
And the soundless chorus they're raising
Wafts incense to the throne.

REST

Rest, tired hands, rest;
For labor unceasing,
Is labor increasing;
 Rest, rest,
The day is closing,
All are reposing,
 Rest!

Rest tired heart, rest,
From longing and yearning
From bleeding and burning
 Rest, rest,
The still stars above
Are guarding thy love,
 Rest!

Rest tired mind, rest.
Thy ceaseless endeavor
Cannot go on forever;
 Rest, rest,
God in His kindness,
Hath kept thee in blindness,
 Rest!

Rest tired soul, rest.
O spirit of mine
Why toil and repine?
 Rest, rest,
God knew it was right
When He gave us the night,
 Rest!

Winter, 1910.

EVENING

Sink, sink, O summer sun,
Into the cloud-banked west.
Still, still, thou winged one,
Thy quivering breast.

Hushed are the wheels of labor,
Darkened the mountain neighbor,
All, all is at rest.

Sail, Sail, O silvery moon,
Across the cloud-clothed sky.
All, all will be sleeping soon
That thou canst beautify.

 Closer creep the shadows
 Across the dew-dipped meadows,
 Even draweth nigh.

Cease, cease, ambitious man,
From labor and from care;
Cease and listen while you can
To childhood's evening prayer.

 For 'tis the evening hour,
 Now sleepeth bird and flower.
 Peace reigneth everywhere.

THE LIFE LIGHT

I awoke in the dead of midnight,
And pain drove me to my feet;
And the only light to guide me
Was a lamp across the street.

I staggered forth in the darkness,
I sought that one bright ray;
And that distant lamp at midnight
Meant more than the moon by day.

I awoke in the night of sorrow,
The sin clouds were hanging low;
There was only one light to turn to,
The Life-light's steady glow.

I put forth my hands in the darkness,
They were clasped by a hand divine;
I set my eyes on the Life-light,
And His life entered mine.

EVENTIDE

I sit alone at eventide
And watch the dusky mantle fall,
The lightning flashes on every side
And the dark clouds bend to the rain crow's call.

And a thousand thots come crowding home
With a thousand discontents,
As I feel my weak and trembling form
So frail against the elements.

TWILIGHT

Another night is nearing,
Another day drops low;
Twilight reappearing
Veileth the golden glow.

Slowly sinketh the setting sun
Into a glory of purple and gold;
Slowly admitting the day is done,
Labor releases its iron hold.

Softly the dusk is creeping
Into the slumber-stilled nest;
The love-lulled lilly is sleeping
On the dew-dipped mother breast.

What maketh the twilight so holy?
Is it that all is so fair?
Or the sleep of the little and lowly
Peacefully pillow'd on prayer?

What maketh the angels draw nearer?
Hath Nature been purified?
Or is it that mortals seem dearer
At the hush of the eventide?

God meant the quiet evening
As a rest for great and small;
So down thru the star-studded heaven
He guardeth and guideth all.

WAITING

O, to wait is weary,weary,
Weary for the soul;
It makes the sun seem dreary
And the noonday cold.

O, to wait is trying, trying,
Trying to the heart.
'Twere easier to be dying,
To play perfection's part.

I'm waiting for a letter,
A letter from a friend.
I love her more and better
The less she can befriend.

O, to wait is lonely, lonely,
Lonely for the soul;
It bringeth heartache only
And pain beyond control.

My soul is sick with waiting;
My heart is crushed and torn;
My strength is slow abating;
I am weary, I am worn.

7-21-'10.

LITTLE BLACK SPECK

Little black speck so high, so high,
What art thou seeking up there in the sky?
Far above the noise and the crowd,
Almost lost in the summer cloud,
Thy little wings fly.

Little dark dot so high, so high,
Almost lost to the mortal eye.
Art thou not weary, O, winged one
Nor heedeth the kiss of the summer sun
Up there in the sky?

Little blithe bird so high, so high,
Thou art a lesson to me where I lie;
My life seems to me too tied and tried,
Thou seemest so safe and satisfied.
Thou creature shy.

Little fair form so high, so high,
Would I could wander with thee thru the sky
Farther and farther from sin and night,
Closer and closer to Home and Light,
Little one, thou and I.

7-19-'10.

O COME AWAY

O come away
Where the flowers are gay
And the little brook babbles and bubbles,
Where life is pure
And love is sure
And the heart forgets its troubles.

O slip away
Where the south winds play
And bees and birds are singing,
Where the sky is blue
And the heart is true
And the woods with praise are ringing.

O hie away
This summer day
Where the lazy rivers wind,
With ceaseless jars
Of the noisy ears
Left leagues and leagues behind.

O steal away
At close of day
Where the little brook gurgles and gushes,
Forget the snares
Of your daily cares
Where no one hastens or rushes.

10-26-'10.

FAITHFUL SERVICE

Not to be always wanting
Some other work to do,
But cheerfully to take the task
That Christ has set for you.

And to bear the little crosses
Of humble daily life,
With that same dauntless courage
Meant for nobler strife.

I know not the way I am going
But well do I know my Guide;
So with childlike faith I give my hand
To the strong Friend at my side.

To Gladys W.

ROBIN, SING

Robin, robin in the treetop,
High above the throng;
Sing a song
 Till the echoes ring
With thy happy song.

Robin, robin, as thou singest,
And poureth forth thy lay;
Thou doth close
 With sweet repose
This weary summer day.

7-12-11.

O WORLD OF BEAUTY

O world of Beauty, who am I,
That thus I'm born into thy bounds of wealth?
Millions plod beneath a smoke-hung sky
And millions perish for want of their health.
All about me is the glory of the morning;
All above me are the boundless heights of blue
The laughing sunbeams, every tiny leaf adorning,
Rise to kiss the trembling drops of dew.
Surely, all these realms of wealth can not be mine
Without return! On, on and up my soul.
Toil, think, live, and aid His plan divine
If thou canst, 'till thou has reached thy goal.
Lift with loving word and simple deed
The world's great burden, the heart's great need.

7-15-'11.

TO THE AMERICAN GOLDFINCH

Little dash of sunshine,
Gathered into song,
Pouring out its gladness
All the summer long.

Music sweet and joyous
Harmonious and rare,
Like an unseen fragrance
Floating on the air.

Flitting o'er the thistle downs
With its mate at will,
Shedding golden radiance
Like a daffodil.

Ever close together,
Within each other's reach,
Like devoted lovers,
Waiting each on each.

Teach us your devotion
Humble little pair,
Constancy and oneness
Like yourselves are rare.

7-19-'11.

LEST WE BE TRUE

It is not what the many do
That makes our lives so deep and real;
It is the actions of our chosen few
That make us think and act and feel;
That mold our lives and shape our ends;
That make us vile or virtuous, sad or gay.
Yet, what is the influence of our friends
Lest we be true? What can they say
To all our plans and hopes and fears,
If we give way to empty lust,
Or look at them thru unfelt tears;
Nor give them full and simple trust?
Not even Love can help lest Faith agree;
Not even Christ can save the pharisee.

7-21-'11.

ON RETURNING HOME

When I return to my girlhood home
And see how many there have forgotten me;
How even those with whom I used to roam
About the woods and hills and o'er the lea
Are growing cold and strange; I often pause
Along my busy way and try to find
Why it is so; and what should be the cause
Of all this fickle heart and superficial mind.
And in my solitude and secret pain
I turn alone to Nature. Alone I "lift
Mine eyes unto the hills," and not in vain;
I seek and find the priceless, God-given gift
Of inward peace and joy. And then I know
That He still is where they refuse to go.

4-27-'11

SO MUCH TO LIVE FOR

So much to live for, so much to do;
Such worth to strive for, such beauty true;
Such worlds and worlds of shining stars above;
Such miles and miles of loveliness below;
One great throbbing Father-heart of Love;
Millions and millions of responding hearts that grow
Into His grace; such love, such pain, such beauty
All for me. And yet, I scarce know why,
Despite this lavish wealth of joy and duty,
At times I wildly wish that I could die,
I grow so faint and weary. O, God, forgive!
I know it is all selfishness and cowardice;
Help me to nerve myself to truly live
For others, not for self, to grow, to rise.

8-1-11.

NATURE'S MOODS

The mournful call of the cuckoo
Comes heavily on the breeze;
The morning air is burdened
With the sighing of the trees.

The dewless earth awakens,
Its weary lids unclose;
On, on to toil and struggle
Listless mankind goes.

The barn fowl all are panting
In the burning sun of June;
The night wore into morning
The morn wears into noon.

The thirsty earth lies waiting
With parched lips apart.
Come, come, O rain of summer
And soothe her burning heart.

The sultry air grows thicker,
Denser grows the day;
The listless leaves droop motionless,
The cuckoo calls mournfully.

The sun in sanguine splendor
Prepares his way to leave.
The morn wore into noontide,
The noon wears into eve.

The clouds begin to thicken
With dark and sullen frown;

And suddenly at midnight
The rain comes pouring down.

But ah, the dewy morning,
It laughs at all this blight
'Twas but a mood of Nature
That passed off with the night.

8-1-'11.



A SONG

I heard the dawn advancing,
While yet mine eyes were closed.
It came with song and dancing;
It roused me from repose.

And all the live-long summer day
The music rose and swelled;
So that the shadows laughed at play
And the dimpled waters smiled.

And when the jeweled eventide
Bent softly o'er the glen,
It was the song on every side
Put me to sleep again.

8-6-'11.

THE FIRST SCALP

Said the chief in iron tones,
"Take her then, and make her thine,
Take my child, my fairest daughter,
But remember she is mine.
Lest thou slay our bitterest foe;
Slay, and bring to me a sign.

Out into the winter forest
Strode the warrior young and bold.
Took his weapons and his warpaint,
Took his love into the cold;
All the love and all the courage
One stout, savage heart could hold.

'Round the wigwam of the chieftain,
'Round the camp-fires of the foe
Day and night the warrior lingered.
Waited in the cold and snow,
Waited for the daring moment
He could strike his deadly blow.

7
And the wind blew loud and louder,
Colder grew the moonlight bright;
And the guards who watched their chieftain
Weary grew with naught to fight;
Slept the sleep of sheer exhaustion,
Feared no foe on such a night.

Stealthily the youthful warrior,
Youthful lover of his bride,
Slipt up to the sleeping chieftain;

Cut his head in ruthless pride;
Leapt into the night of darkness,
Homeward rushed with anxious stride.

Broke the morn across the mountains,
Roused the guards from slumber deep;
Saw their headless chieftain lying
Wrapped in painless, endless sleep.
Not a sign of foe or fighting.
Of a wolf among the sheep.

Yet here a blood stain, there another;
Out into the winter snow,
Wild with war-whoops and with weapons,
All the warriors sought their foe,
Each one wild with savage vengeance,
Wild to strike the deadly blow.

Almost they have over-taken,
Taken fast the fleeing foe;
So the heavy head he leaves them,
Scalpless, ghastly on the snow;
Reaches safe his chieftain's camp-fire;
Leaves the warriors dumb with woe.

“Eto, E-ho,”¹ cried his chieftain,
Brave my warrior, brave my son,
Thou hast won my peoples' freedom,
My fair daughter thou hast won.
Hence shall scalps be ever token,
When a noble deed is done.

“Wohou-o-win,² wohou-o-win,”
Wailed the warriors, wailed the foe.

“Nenemoosah,³ my fair sweetheart”
Laughed the youth at all their woe.
“I have won thee, my meetahwin,⁴
Praise to Gitchemanito.”⁵

1. Eto, E-ho, an exclamation of delight.
2. Wo-honowin, cry of lamentation or woe.
3. Nenemoosah, my sweetheart.
4. Meetahwin, my bride.
5. Gitchemanito, the great spirit.

IF—BUT

If all that rhymed were poetry
And all that sounded, song;
And all of Nature rang with glee,
And spring-time lasted all year long;
If every flow'r bore fragrance pure
And every blade were green;
And all the plans we made were sure,
And all mistakes unseen;
But we, poor mortals, weak and proud,
Continued in our paths of sin;
The only creatures mind-endowed,
The only one not pure within;
This world would all the darker be,
Its loveliness, a mockery.

8-24-'11.

REFLECTED LIGHT

If every star had a shining moon
And every moon a milky way,
And all the stars and all the moons
Combined their light the livelong day—
Still, still, when up the eastern steeps
That majestic firefraught chariot plowed
Like a stately ship across the deeps,
To naught were all that light so proud.

If every soul in every clime
Shed forth its very brightest light
And all the light shone all the time,
We still would grope in earthly night.
For the night only borrows its light from the sun,
And we but reflect the Perfect One.

8-8-'11.

ALONE

The melodies of the throbbing forest sink
Into hushed silence; the Eternal Lamp of Splendor
Slips away; the wood-thrush folds her pinions tender;
I sit alone in the twilight, and think and think and think.

9-10--'11.

STRIVE ON

I feel the summer slipping by,

 'Tis O, such pain.

Soon the fall will be upon me

 And winter come again.

Each day I think the birds will wing

 From their summer bowers;

Each night I fear the chilling frost

 Will numb the flowers.

So much, so much, o'er hill and dale

 Doth fear the frost;

I long to hold the summer close

 Ere all is lost.

I feel my girlhood slipping from me,

 'Tis O, such pain!

I yearn to keep the young thot's burning,

 But all in vain.

Each day brings me a little farther

 From youth and May;

Each year makes it a little harder

 To press on cheerfully.

Up, up, my soul, 'tis work and battle,

 Whate'er the cost;

For I must find my task completed

 Before the frost.

Life speeds on, the season rushes,

 When falls the frost;

The fields ungathered, the thots unspoken

 Will all be lost.

NIGHT AND MORNING

Softly pillowed on the night's still rapture
My gazing soul doth joy-thrilled vigil keep,
Until the stars and moon my dreams to capture,
Bear me soaring to the quiet land of sleep.

Closely wrapped in night's oblivion tender,
The careful darkness guards my spirit's den,
Until the throbbing morning's greater splendor
Breathes me into consciousness again.

9-2-'11.

TO AN AUTUMN VIOLET

O gentle autumn violet,
Why come ye here to bloom,
Mid dropping fruit and turning leaves
And daily deep'ning gloom?

In spring when all the world was fair
Thou wert by far the fairest;
But now, O modest autumn guest
Thou fairest art and rarest.

Thou standest in thy innocence,
A child amid a crowd of men;
Pure childlike impulses it brings
And thou, sweet thots of spring again.

I found thee late amid the gloom,
I left thee where thou fairest wert;
But let me back to the autumn wood
To hide thee, dear, within my heart.

And when life's autumn deepens round me
And I grow faint, let me remember
That while I mourned the summer's leaving
I found the violet in September.

9-13,-'11.

SUMMER NIGHT

Stillness, stillness, far and near,
Twilight music closes;
Just a cricket, sweet and clear,
Chirps among the roses.

Fragrance, fragrance fresh and free
Breathed upon the breezes,
Like a melting melody
Freeing whom it seizes.

Rapture, rapture all around,
Sigh and tear forbidden;
Peace too deep for stir or sound
In the heart is hidden.

9-21,-'11.

A BALLAD OF THE TREES AND THE MASTER

Could Lanier possibly have written a more beautiful, a more perfect little ballad than this of "The Trees and the Master?" The very title suggests, yes tells, just what we can expect and just what we get. "A Ballad," not a long, prosy piece or a dignified ode, or even a beautiful lyric; but just "A Ballad of Trees," that is woods, deep forest, Nature herself, and "the Master," "THE MASTER."

"Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent,

"My Master," what a world of meaning there is in those two words, MY MASTER! What untold resignation, what pure, deep love, what unwavering, childlike trust they suggest when they come from the pen of a man like Lanier! Yes, and HE was "clean forspent." On that last dark night of that awful Passion Week, on that blackest night of all history, when "the Son of Man was betrayed by a kiss," what wonder was it that He was

"Forspent with love and shame!"

Ah! but the poet's sensitive soul can see also a beautiful side to the sad picture. To him it seems impossible that He who could say without hesitancy or wincing, "Before the world was, I was," should, on that dark night be forsaken by all but His compassionate Father. It seemed to Lanier as though the great heart of Nature must have throbbed and sympathized and sent out her gentle, soothing messengers to Him Who came to His own and His own received Him not." He seems to have

thought that Nature had a definite understanding for the great suffering of his "Master," for he says:

"The olives were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to him;
The thorn tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came,"

thus giving Nature an almost human understanding for Him to Whom "All things were made."

The poet does not tell us how long Jesus was in that deep sympathizing woods. Only this, that when he came out

"He was well content."

Yes, even

"Content with death and shame."

so complete, so unconditional had been His surrender of all those precious moments of sustaining communication with "Nature and Nature's God." And those woods, those trees would not leave Him to the very last. It seems as though they were following Him for

"When Death and Shame would woo Him last.
From under a tree they drew Him last;
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last,
When out of the woods He came."

Gentle, sweet, earnest Lanier; he makes the whole story of the crucifixion seem so pure, so deep, so real, and his language is so simple and his meter so perfect that had he given nothing else to the world but this simple "Ballad of the Trees and the Master," his life, his painful, troubled life would have been well worth the living.

O, CHANGELESS UNDERCURRENT

Endless, endless flowing river,
Flowing, flowing to the sea;
Like my heart-throbs, pausing never,
Never daring to be free.

Deep within thy rocky prison,
Joy and change on every side;
Like the longing in my bosom
Silent thou dost onward glide.

Here and there the world's commotion
Spans thy stillness, jars my pain;
But we two in changeless motion
Wander, wander to the main.

Even while thy calm doth fear it
Mingling waters swell thy rest;
As at times some kindred spirit
Hides within my aching breast.

On and on thru wind and weather,
Flow ye, deeper, calmer than before,
On and on, we too, together
Travel toward a better shore.

But O River, thou and I
Hide our undercurrent deep;
Worlds may laugh or worlds may cry,
We our changes, changeless keep.

9-30,'11.

FORSAKEN

Forsaken by all but the Father above me,
Lonely and weary I plod on my way;
None else to counsel, none else to love me,
None to come near me by night or by day.

She in whose cause I forsook friend and lover,
She for whose sake I was nailed to the cross;
Has turned me her back, has sought for another.
Has misrepresented me, brot me my loss.

He for whose love I was left torn and bleeding,
Has left me alone in my sorrow and shame;
The “peace that he found saw no sense” in my pleading,
He mocked me my suffering, he heaped blame on blame.

Forsaken by all but the Father above me,
Footsore and weary I press on my way;
There’s none else to counsel and none else to love me,
But slowly my pathway grows brighter each day.

Black were the night and the storm that surround me,
Cruel the world and distant my goal;
But softly the light from above shone around me,
And peace came at last to my struggling soul.

WINGED SPIRIT

Oh night, in thy mystic splendor
I gaze into thy starry face,
I drink thy silence, deep and tender.
And mute with joy, inhale thy peace.

And soul, and mind, and emotion dims
Thru all that earthly thot and sense express;
Only the winged spirit swings
Into boundless everlastingness.

9-9, '11.

ALL DAY IT RAINED

All day it rained; and now at eve
The scowling clouds still drape the city,
Nor cease to threaten, nor feign to leave
Until the last full drop is drained.

All day it rained; nor doth the sun
At setting, deign to smile farewell,
But steals away unseen like one
Who hides in anger or in shame.

All day it rained; but still the streams
Bear its burdened bosom nightward;
Still, still yon robins sing, and seem
To mock the night, the clouds, the rain.

AMONG THE HILL OF CARVER

Afar down on the banks of the beautiful Minnesota, almost there where the latter merges itself with the great Father of Waters, the little village of Carver lies, snugly hidden away among those quiet hills that form that quiet but lovely valley. Only those who have lived there know what an unspeakable blessing is Nature in such a place: only those who grew up there can realize what an untold blessing are such surroundings to a young life. I was taken to those quiet hills and safely tucked away among their wholesome solitude before I was able to realize my great privilege or to remember the home I had left behind. With the exception of a few brief intervals I stayed there during all those long years that are henceforth to form the background of my life. Will you come with me therefore; will you let me share with you the joy that is always mine when I am allowed to return, for a short time, to the only place that can ever be home to me? Lakes have their attractions and prairies their charms and the restless sea its beauty, but let him who wishes to enjoy a beauty that never becomes monotonous and to find joy and consolation at all times say:

“I will lift up mine eyes to the hills, from whence cometh my help.”

Here the great sun never rises and sets in just the same way twice nor does any scene ever present the same aspect at two different times; here the great heart of Nature can pour out her ever changeful, yet ever harmonious moods at once on the highlands and in the lowlands, on the fields and in the forest, into the river and by the roadside; here the quick seasons come and go with a change and a variety of changes that only a hilly or a mountainous country can boast of.

Softly does the Springtime come; cautiously the new Sun sends his first warm rays into the coldest recesses of the Winter woods. Does he dare to play with that stern, grim-faced visitor or try to warm his cold heart with his fresh, gentle love? Oh! already the cold, white face is yielding, already is Jack Frost retreating. Springtime smiles a little longer and then, almost before we realize it, she has conquered the situation, she has become queen of the earth. And now that she is mistress she takes matters into her own hands. She sends the wild March winds to sweep the woods and hillsides; she sends the fitful April showers to wash out the valleys and waysides and to rap, on their way, at the doors of sleeping flowers, she sends the warm May sun to call forth all that has not obeyed her summons before. Are you tired of your books and of your labor? Are you sick of your city rush and noise and worry? Are you lonely amid the crowds in which you are too small to be noticed? Then come to the quiet hills of Carver on a bright spring morning and watch the released rills and turbulent streamlets rush on to meet the swelling river; listen to the exultant notes of the returning robins that warble among the tree-clothed hillsides; inhale the bracing spring air and partake of the joy of Nature because you and she are living.

The season glides on. Like a pure white sheet the fragrant blossoms spread themselves throughout the orchard, and the woodland flowers begin to people the forests. Overhead the tiny leaf buds are swelling and throbbing with new life and new power. Among the new branches the happy birds are beginning their summer homes.

“Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving;”

for lo! this is the true Renaissance of the year, the great Resurrection season. That unspeakable, inexplicable thrill called LIFE is felt by high and lowly; for

"Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, grasping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."

Nature has become a new creature and the glad soul of man leaps forth to greet her.

Dreamily, drowsily drifting by
Cool and clear are the clouds on high;
Calm and cool and clear is the sky;
The summer season surrounds us.

Again we are in a new world. That exultant thrill of new life and new hope is not so apparent now. We are ready to relax a little and to let the great world, with all its work and worry, take its own course, while we lie upon the soft summer grass and dreamily view the wide landscape. And what a perfect scene it is that greets our half closed eyes from the summit of one of those numberless hills! For afar on stretches the broad, green valley until it slowly rises again to meet the purple horizon on the opposite side. Ponds and fields and flowers and woodlands lie in that peaceful valley and thru its center the blue Minnesota winds its listless course. Half hidden among the wide-spreading elms and huge maples and tender box-elders the little village of Carver lies as peacefully and as quietly as the "village of Grand-Pre lay on the shores of the Basin of Minas." From all its sides, quiet, dusty roads wind their way out into the surrounding country. One leads its travellers into broad, rich fields and meadow lands; another is soon lost among the grand old trees of our village park; a third forms a dividing line between high hills on one

side and low meadows on the other; a fourth saunters on and on until it is lost in an almost primeval forest; and a fifth is thrown in between two long rows of hills that are so high and grand and beautiful that they almost overawe one with their matchless splendor. Has the cruel, rushing world without overworked and overwhelmed you? Are you tired, unspeakably tired? Would you like to forget everything that drives and rushes and worries you? Come with me. I will take you to one of those grand old, forest-clad hills and we will find rest, rest such as only Nature can offer.

On steals the quiet season. Change knows no rest close to the heart of Mother Nature. Slowly the green fields pale and yield to the reaper's sickle. We hear the far-off sound of the greedy threshing machine. Autumn reigns. The flowers take on a brighter, gayer hue to match the gorgeous woodlands; for

"The maple swamps glow like a sunset sea,
Each leaf a ripple of its own."

On the green hillsides where the rugged oaks are so abundant we hear an enchanting rustle of falling leaves and occasionally a nut drops. Squirrels are busy among the baring boughs filling their winter larders. Frogs and crayfish begin to leave their summer ponds and to build their winter homes amid the muddy marshes. Birds group themselves into great bodies to take up their southland journey. Children answer once more the summons of the school bell. The long autumnal rains set in, but only for the purpose of retouching once more the withering grass and flowers, that they may look their very best throughout the "tender Indian summer." And when that really comes, what can surpass it? What, indeed, can be more lovely anywhere than those long October days of Carver? The river now takes on a clear,

transparent beauty, faithfully reflecting every shrub and tree along its quiet border. Heavy morning mists heighten the splendor and beauty of sunrise. Occasionally night frosts make the warm, beaming "day-star" thoroughly appreciated. "Harmony" is written on every fallen leaflet and on every dropping flower. Are you weary of the great world with all its listless indifference? Are you anxious about your indefinite future? Are you willing to be taught by her who has had all the countless ages to learn in? If so come to one of those far-seeing summits of Carver and watch Nature in her quiet, unhurried, unworried preparations for the long coming cold and imprisonment. She will teach you the lesson of

"A day at a time."

But little by little the frosts grow sharper and the winds keener and louder; little by little the days grow shorter and shorter and the nights longer and colder; little by little the blue sky pales and droops lower as if to meet and sympathize with the barren earth and then some bright morning we

"Look forth upon a world unknown
On nothing we can call our own."

for now there are

"No clouds above
No earth below
A universe of sky and snow."

And what a world of peace lies before us now—peace unspeakable, peace immeasurable, peace incomprehendable! There is nothing at all to mar that quiet landscape. Every leaflet is still beneath its heavy load; every footpath is covered;

"Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wears ermine too dear for an earl,

And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Is ridged inch-deep with pearl."

Those fair green hills have become soft white mounds
now and the winding river has

"Built aroof
'Neath which he can house him winter-proof."

Old Jack Frost has been very busy all this winter; for

"He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight."

Winter, calm, cold, quiet Winter, is King. Do you fear
that soon you will be utterly crushed or dashed to pieces
amid the rushing, hurrying crowds? Are those whom
you cherish most fondly too busy to heed your perplex-
ities or to visit your sick bed? Has your best friend left
you for months, perhaps for years, with "no time" to
say good-bye." Come, tired heart, come to the peace-
clad hills of Carver. They will soothe your aching
heart; they will heal your wounded spirit. It is even-
ing there now. The Old Year is drawing quietly to its
close, the New is at the open door. He will soon enter,
but without haste and without turmoil. The broad moon
smiles placidly over the glittering snow; the deep stars
fairly glow in their triumphant peace.

O, cease, cease, ambitious man,
Thy labour and thy care!
Cease and listen, while you can,
To childhood's evening prayer.
For, 'tis the evening hour,
Now sleepeth bird and flower,
Peace reigneth everywhere.

April, 1912.

LET THE SPRINGTIME IN

Open door and winder
 Let the sunshine in;
Let not a curtain hinder
 Till the storm begin.

Everywhere the sunshine
 Is a floodin' up the air;
Forest tree and garden vine
 Are sproutin' everywhere.

Little birds are singin'
 Like they'd never sung before;
All the world's a-ringin'
 Like it couldn't ring no more.

Open door and winder,
 Let the children out;
Let not a lesson hinder,
 This ain't no time for doubt.

Oh yes, the grass returns and the flowers,
And the birds sing anew in the trees;
The cold, gray clouds release their showers,
The imprisoned earth is free.

With the quickening thrill of a new sensation
The streams gush forth once more,
Like in the dawn of the first creation,
The sunbeams their radiance pour.



Oh Father, tonight my heart is so weary
And nobody cares that the day's been so dreary;
Nobody cares for my soul's secret aching,
And no one's heart yearns 'cause mine's nearly breaking.

Oh, Jesus of Nazareth, come to my cot,
Lay gently Thy hand on my forehead so hot,
And soothe my bruised heart as Thy servants of old,
Ere the last spark of love in my bosom grows cold.

FAITH, HOPE, LOVE

Crushed was the faith that was cherished in vain,
Cherished but perished in passionate pain;
Crushed like a blossom is after a rain.

Gone is the hope that has haunted so long;
Haunted and taunted my soul with its wrong,
Gone like a melody after a song.

1910.

Still deep is the love that surges my soul;
Surges, but purges my passionate soul.
Deep as the depths where the wild waters roll.

O mocked be the mood that taught me this lay;
Taught me and caught me adrift by its sway.
Did Love ever let Truth or Hope go astray?

Finished 6-7-'12.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

Peerless and passionless,
 Yet strong with pride and power;
Fearless and fashionless
 The man of the hour.
With no prejudice to blind him,
With no promises to bind him,
On a service rock, behind him,
 Stands the manly tower.

True to the cause we love,
 Tho passionless in it,
True to the God above
 Who helped him begin it.
With a nation waiting for him,
With a people's cause before him,
May the Father watching o'er him,
 Help him to win it.

Calm as the evening star
 And as vigilant ever;
Firm as an iron bar
 Faltering never.
Why the throbbing millions trust,
Why by all the world discussed;
Wilson and his cause is just.
 Wilson forever.

THE CHILDREN'S AGE

Our hearts leap up when we bethink
 The future of the child;
So 'twas when Froebel first began,
So 'tis with Montessori's plan,
So shall it be when he can like
 These thousand theories mild.
The child is teacher of the man
And we could wish our later stage
Brot backward to "The Children's Age."

THE THUNDER-STORM

Didst thou hear the wild winds howling
Over the lea?

Didst thou see the black skies scowling
Down on the sea?

Didst thou note the wild commotion
On yonder boiling, storm-tossed ocean,
Where the waves rock recklessly?

Didst thou see the torrents tearing
Adown the hill?

Or watch the washing waters wearing
With maddening skill?

Didst thou note the thunder crashing
And the livid lightning lashing
The black'ning clouds at will?

But suddenly the thunder ceased
To terrify;

For all the terror'd been released
At last on high,

And all the earth was wrapped in splendor
And the rainbow came with a touch of tender
Blue to the sky.

And then, oh then, didst thou see the sun
Break thru the rain?

And far and near didst list'ning hear
The birds again?

And all the world with joy aquiver,
Rapturous, grateful to the Giver
Of joy and gain.

8-18-'12.

DER EINZIGE STERN

Ich steh' allein in Schmerzen's Kampf,
Nacht herrchet nahe und fern,
Und alles was sich nicht verschlingt,
Das ist ein einziger Stern.

Ich steh' allein, ein wildes Weh'
Treibt Tranen mir vom Aug';
Dort oben, bei meines Vater's Grab'
Da mocht' ich liegen auch.

Ich steh' allein, bekampfe still
Den tiefen, dumpfen Schmerz;
Der einzige Stern, der leuchtet mir
In mien betrubtes Herz.

Ich steh' allein, doch nicht allein,
Denn hoch über aller Fern'
Da sieht das Aug' von meinem Gott
Mich trostend, durch den einzigen Stern.

7-16-'12.

A SINGLE STAR

I knelt alone 'mid deepening gloom,
 The blight of doubt was in my soul.
Deep, deep it burned like glowing coal,
 For there I knelt beside the tomb
Of one whose life had been so dear to me
 That when he died it seemed as tho
All, all was changed that once had so
 Completely filled and fixed my fancy.

I raised my eyes, a single star
 Smiled calmly down upon my strife;
I saw the gates of doubt unbar,
 And thru them throbbed the thrill of life.
For all the ages past and yet to be
 Shone thru that single star's eternity.

7-21,-'12.

THE SLUMBER VILLAGE

The little village lies in slumber
And all the streets are still.
The sleepy watchman makes his rounds
Without a thot of ill.

The little village lies in slumbers,
There's not a sound or sigh,
Save where the cricket chirps his cheer
And the brooklet babbles by.

The little village lies in slumbers,
And now and then the trees,
Bend softly o'er their birdful nests,
In lullabying symphonies.

The little village lies in slumber,
But the big moon does not sleep.
Yet sparingly her stars she numbers
While she and they their vigil keep.

THE NIGHT IS DARK

The night is dark, and far and near
The hush of midnight broods secure.
No sigh arrests my waiting ear,
No song imparts its music pure.

The night is dark. I stand alone
Where oft in girlhood's joy I stood.
No brooding then my thots had known,
No bitterness my soul withstood.

The night is dark. Why should I doubt
Where once I could so freely trust?
And yield my soul without
A fear, to Him who still is just?

8-21-'12.

TO MY FATHER

Sadly smiles the wan, descending sun
Across the landscape. The distant hills in anguish
Lift their heads. The day begins to languish:
He feels his melancholy duty done.
A sympathizing murmur has begun
To stir the grasses. The noisy crows in pity
Cease to chatter. The sombre "Silent City"
Speaks. The mourner hears those accents dumb;
She cannot shed a tear. Too deep
Was Love, to wish to mar that mournful peace,
"Let those who did not know thy struggles, weep;
I cannot but joy at thy release;
And lonely tho my life must henceforth be,
In consecration will I mount to thee."

4-4-'12

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF MY FATHER

Too much, too much, at length the great heart broke.
At length the fettered soul was freed
To bask in immortality!
And when that noble spirit woke
In the Great Unknown
Where earthly cares were flown,
We felt his mortal frame grow chill,
We saw his beating breast grow still;
And that heavy, long-borne yoke
Fell, before the Father's will.

Mournfully weep, O widowed mother;
Manfully bear thy grief, O brother;
Sister, weep with me:
Weep most mournfully—
The father we so loved is gone,
Forever from this earth is gone.
Weep most mournfully!

Slowly, solemnly, sounds the bell!
Heavily tolls the funeral knell!
The village mourns,
Deeply mourns!
Wearily winds the wintry way
To where the earth heaves cruelly,
Heaves its greedy, yellow clay.

Empty, empty, empty,
Are the house, and the hearth, and the home;
Empty, and drear, and desolate,
Like a school with the children gone.

With heads, dull, and mournful,
Deep pain in our hearts all day,
And at night it seems when all is still,
That our hearts would ache our lives away.

My stricken mother seems so lost,
My sisters weep with me,
My noble brothers bear their grief
With manly sympathy;
But all are weary, weary, weary,
Like vessels tossed at sea.

O hark! I hear his step; but no,
'Twas but my feverish fancy walking
O'er my wistful memory.
O list! I hear him speak so PLAINLY;
In vain! 'Twas but another, talking,
That sounded like his voice to me.
Awake, my father's coming! O heart,
'Twas but the night-wind rocking
In yonder sympathizing tree.

Gone! my father gone!
It cannot, cannot be!
 He has left us,
 Has bereft us
Of his ready sympathy.
We leaned upon him all too much;
We loved him all too dearly;
And now we know that passions such
Were selfish, all too clearly.
In joy and pain we waited for the touch
Of his response, the re-echo of his heart.

The cruel world was hard and cold,
His nature was too noble for it.

The cheer he could alone uphold,
Had soulless mockery cast o'er it.
Those he loved, misunderstood;
And those he trusted, lied:
All seemed to think he never could
Be tempest-tossed, and tried.
With truthless slander they abused him,
With nameless vices they accused him,
Until the love that they refused him
Broke his heart; and then he died.

He has gone: it is best!
God knows how he struggled in vain!
God knows how he needs those ages of rest
And freedom, from sorrow and pain.
He has gone: it is best!
He has gone to his rest!
His life's weary struggles are o'er!
Tho once I repined,
I now am resigned;
My tears will not flow any more.
Let the dark close upon him,
Let the flowers repose upon him,
Fall, O fall, ye feathered flakes!
Fall and fold him,
Gently hold him,
Nature, to thy breast!
In thy sacred rest,
As a mother gently takes!

Only God will judge him now;
Man will not begrudge him now,
All the honor that he gained
And the love that he sustained.

From earth he has gone forever,
Given back to his Giver.
He, whom we trust;
He, only, is just,
His judgements can falter never:
He saw all the struggles within and without;
He witnessed the wars twixt faith and doubt;
He nurtured the generous boy,
And witnessed the worshipful joy
In nature, and all that was best
In man or even in beast.
He knows how the tempter lashed
That noble, generous soul;
He knows what sorrows dashed
As mighty breakers roll.
He knows how Love forsook,
How disappointment shook
That true and trusting soul.
He knew the boy, the youth, the man,
As only a Heavenly Father can,
Knew the mind's full breadth of view,
Knew the heart so true, so true
True to friend, to child, to wife,
True to all, worth while in life!

Father, we to Thee commend him,
Commend the soul that once Thou gavest.
Like Thy child Thou wilt befriend him,
The spirit Thou in mercy savest.

Then let the gentle flakes enfold him,
Let the lap of nature hold him.
Wide the wintry whiteness winds,
Soulful as the peace he loved;

Softly every sunbeam shines,
Like the joy his presence moved.

Peace, peace, silent, soulful peace!
Deeper than the winter snows,
Softer than a child's repose
A fettered soul's deserved release
Peace, uninterrupted Peace!

1912.



FROM THE HILLTOP

The world is wide and wonderful
As far as I can see.
The world is big and bountiful
And all her wealth is free.
Ah, free and far as the evening star,
And fair and calm as she.
Where the waves deliver the far-flowing river
To the farther foaming sea.

O, out on the briny ocean,
Where the huge ships come and go,
And the waves extend their emotion
In angry overflow.
I wonder how the sailor
Can sing and sing of the sea;
And laud his ship, tho he hail her,
To perilous liberty.

Perhaps he trusts the surging sea
Because he loves her so;
Perhaps his heart is as wild as she
And his soul as full of woe.
And it seems as tho he goes not
For the inlands lesser ills,
Just because he knows not
The beauty of the hills.

THE HILLS, O how I love them
In sunset's golden glow;
With only the heavens above them,
And the wide-winged valleys below.

And a beck'ning angel's beauty
On their summit's lofty brow
Smiling: "All this I give thee,
If at my feet thou'l bow."

And we, tho only half understanding,
Bow low at the angel's feet;
Then suddenly our souls expanding
With the soul of the angel meet,
And all resigned we yield us
To the angel's close embrace,
And we find that the wings that shield us
Belong to the Angel of Peace.

Peace! the joy of communion
With Nature's intangible Peace,
With indissolvable union
Twist Nature's and Man's deep Peace.
Ah, sweet and pure and hill-like sure
Is the Peace that comes to me;
And when I yielded and the angel shielded,
'Twas a wonderous victory.

9-15-'12.



TO A SWALLOW AT TWILIGHT

So free, so fair, so far,
Almost I wonder what you are
Away above the hazy height
Of twilight, where celestial stillnesses unbar
The dewy deeps of night,
And angels beckon to the evening star,
Thou art so free, so, fair, so far.

So far, so free, so fair,
Almost I wish I could be there
With thee, thou "Winged Worshipper of Light,"
Where petty seems each earthly care
And stars are master of the night;
Close, close to heaven we would dare
To wander, so far, so free, so fair.

So fair, so far, so free,
So close to heaven's eternity,
On the dusky depths of evening floating
As on a waveless sea,
Up there, where speaking silence is devoting
All her soulful ecstasy
To thee, so fair, so, far, so free.

THE NIGHT IS OVER

Thank God the night is over,
And whate'er the day may bring,
It can be nothing when compared
With a night of suffering.

Hands that must not work or struggle,
Eyes that must not see,
And twitching nerves that toss the body
In unrelenting agony.

A mind, a mind that will not rest
Even tho the body sleeps!
Ages back and ages forward
Wandering, wading thru the deeps.

A heart, that pained intruder!
What of rest its passions rob!
Not all the thots of all the ages
Can ache like one, pure, deep heart-throb.

And the soul's immortal grappling
With thots its own, yet not its own;
Trembling, mounting, waiting, kneeling
Before the everlasting throne.

Thank God the night is over!
But for this frail and faltering frame,
I would there were no morning
That soul her right might claim.

LONELY

O, is there none in all his wanderings wide
Will stop and strive to understand?
O God, is there on all this wistful side
Of dead mortality, this naked strand
Of ashen hope, no sympathizing soul
To soothe and to inspire? O will forever
Those who can and those who have, withhold;
And those who cannot, vex with vain endeavor?
Is it the heights are steep and but a few
Can come, where lonely I cannot depart?
Is love too deep to be responded to?
Must those who wed her, live alone with Art?
Then God, since what Thou gavest is sublime,
Give, too, Thy strength and grace to bide Thy time.

11-26-12.

MY LITTLE CHARGE

My little charge is fast asleep,
Unstrained his breathing seems;
Yet now and then his slumbers deep
Are thrilled by childish dreams.



TO FREDERICKE ON HER TWENTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY

When Mem'ry clings like ivy
To an image crumbling low,
And suns its tiny, twining tendrils
In Love's descending deep'ning glow;
When it seems all have forgotten,
All that Love and Hope still claim,
Then pluck a sweet For-get-me-not
And think how she received her name.

11-27-'12

TO REV. A. W. B.

(On Hearing of His Severe Illness)

When we shall part in the valley,
It may mean a long good-bye;
And few may heed the heartache
And few may hear the sigh.

And thou mayest go before I do,
Or I may go before thou;
Or it may be the merciful Father
Will spare us both, just now.

But whene'er the one is summoned,
Whom first the angels find—
'Twill be a day of mourning
To the one that's left behind.

And the years of lonely waiting
May be many and weary and long;
But when we meet—'twill be forever.
In glory and sunshine and song.

When we shall part in the valley,
Short and sharp the pain will be,
But when we meet on the hilltop,
'Twill be for Eternity.

11-28-'12.

HIGHLAND WINTER

Majestic lift the hills their hoary heads,
And the everlasting heaven's stoop to kiss them.
Sublimely reverent the sunbeams smile
And send their winter warmth o'er the Earth.
So lightly do they lie upon the boughs
Of naked, down-embraced trees, that e'en
The little feathery flakes are not offended
At their lodging there, but smile and send
Their silv'ry sparkle in response. And lo!
For marbled miles they're diamonded with light.
On, on, the mounded whiteness stretches;
And calm and pure and sweet the eloquence
Of stillness speaks, and answers low and clear
The inner, sweeter stillness of the soul.
No sigh, no sound is heard, save where the hush
Of Peace and Purity breathe softly free
The breath of still but perfect harmony
Upon an inner ear that hears and knows.
And whiteness, whiteness, whiteness everywhere,
Save here and there a purple shadow lurking;
And here and there a rose_y sunset's glow.

O Peace, so deep, so true that e'en the blue jay
Dare not scream upon these hallowed heights.
O Peace, profound and passion-perfect Peace,
So vast, so still, so speaking eloquent;
Too deep, too deep for art's o'er-taught expression;
Too heart-harmonious for all but one
Musician, and He the Master Music-Maker,

Who needs nor harp, nor flute, nor song to send
His sweetest strains unto an aching heart.

O poor unguided poet's pen, be still.
Thou canst not add, thou canst not e'en detract
From such profound and perfect poetry;
And so, be still, be still; let Him whose numbers
Need no pen, whose landscape needs no canvas,
Speak, in His unspeaking eloquence.

12-7-'12.



OUR ALL-IN-ALL

O Thou Great Founder of Eternal Truth,
Whose Word is Law, Whose Law is Love, whose Love
Is everlasting; from Thy right hand
The Universe suspended hangs. The sun
Sends forth its fire, the moon its dreams. The still
Stars wend their ordered way thru vastnesses
Of time and space too big for comprehension.
Without a halt or jar, or hesitation
The little earth within its little orbit
Swings round and round thru countless counted aeons,
And every tiny creature on her breast
Is nurtured by her tenderness; and all,
Great Maker of Thy changeless laws, thru Thee;
As effortless as little children smile,
Or stars in calmness, comfort radiate.

We little nothings, who are we
That in our arrogance we dare to say
"There is no God," or even doubt Thy love
Because we understand it not? Of old
Thy children, overawed, accepted all
Thy works as one great manifestation
Of Thine omnipotence, and meekly trusted
Nature, tho they understood her not,
Because Thou wert her Maker. But now we pry
Into Thy sacred secrets and, when we but
Imperfectly detect thy "Nature's Laws,"
We pride ourselves so much on our 'discoveries'
That, all too often, we reject, because

We **THINK** we understand, nor stop to see
The Cause of all the “causes” we have found.
Thou greatest Righter of our greatest wrongs,
Be patient yet a little while with thy
Poor children. The day will come when “every knee
Shall bend and every tongue confess thy name.”
We grope, we toil, we think, we hesitate,
We pride ourselves on progress, but when at last
True Wisdom holds her own, **THEN** all shall know
That Thou art Love and Law and Truth in one.

5-15,-'13.



WEHMUTH

Du Abendstern, du Abendstern,
So rein, so ruhig, so Menschenfern,
Was siehst von deiner stillen Hoh'
So sanft mir in mein stummes Weh?
Du truer Trouster, weist du dann
Wo mein Seele leitet' ran?
Ich selber fuehle nur den Schmerz,
Die Uhrsach' kennet nicht mein Herz.

7-31-'12



DIE MENSCHENSEELE

Ihr Stern' was meint euer helles Funkeln
Dort oben in der tiefen dunklen,
 Dunklen, tiefen Nacht?
Auf Erden herrschet suesse Stille,
Im Himmel herrschet Gottes Wille,
 Ueber der Sternenpracht.

Ich steh' hier unten so allein
Vor euch, ihr Stern', so stumm, so klein,
 So klein und willenlos.
Doch meine Seele schwinkt sich weit
Zum Schoepfer eu'rer Herrlichkeit,
 So klein, und hoch, so grosz.

8-1-'15.

THE EVENING STAR AT CHRISTMAS TIME

Lo, what a blaze of wondrous peace is that?
It streameth forth from yonder hallowed heights
Where stillness reigns and yet celestial music
Swells and keeps the swerving constellations
In harmony. "Glory, glory, glory"
Says the stillness, "Glory be to God on High
And on this white and waiting earth, so still
In wrapt expectancy, let Peace have sway,
And calm Good-will be unto every creature."
O wasteful War, O stinging Strife, O Lust
And Greed and poison-passioned Envy, cease;
O petty voice of Social Caste be dumb,
For what a rude, discordant note may fall
From thy cold lips, which are too ignorant
Of human nature's highest right to speak
With misunderstanding. Today no great or small,
No high or lowly live apart in hovel
And in hall, but all are one within
The Christmas spirit; Love hath ruled out Hate
To-day and white-winged Peace embraceth Love;
For Christ is born again each Christmas day.
His Spirit searches every human breast,
And hence this wondrous blaze of Peace strives on.
This glorious star of yonder midnight heights,
Burns out its deep celestial fire of Peace
And makes of every heart a Bethlehem.

12-21-'12.

DAWN IN WINTER

Lo, the last pale sickle of the moon
Sinks slowly down into the snowy West
And leaves a hush of solitude behind,
A sad, sweet mingling of pain and peace
Within the traveler's breast; but see, he turns,
To gaze upon the rainbow-ribboned east
Where tenderly the morning star still smiles,
Yet slowly paleth into nothingness.
And as she pales the rosy ribboned horizon
Grows. Her rainbow brightens, broadens, breaks
Into a thousand vivid variations
Of hue and tint and light and harmony,
Like bands of many-hued flowers they pile
Against the enfathering freshness of the morning;
And all the while the purple snowshadows
Pale and dim upon the broad white meadows,
Till e'en on rugged hills and shrub-edged roadsides
Or along the winding waterways,
They close and closer huddle each to each
Until they all affrighted, timorous creep
Away to hide within their safer day-haunts
And leave unto their rosy followers
Their broad, free night abodes. And broader, broader
Grows the ever bright'ning band of brilliance,
And slowly every rainbowed shade in triumph
Yields itself unto the ever-broad'ning blaze
Of rosy red that sends its rugged rays
Across the peaceful landscape. And suddenly
A beaming face peers shyly thru the glaze,

Then mounts and stands erect and far and wide
Proclaims, "The dawn has yielded to the day."
And rosy shadows golden grow, and every
Silv'ry snowflake sparkles in the gold.
The marble mantled trees to downy feathers
Softens and every tiny down a little
Candle is that lends its sparkling beams
To make the morning brighter. And now the little
Saucy sparrow chirps his cheery welcome,
And the blue-jay, very lovely 'gainst
The dazzling white and 'midst the sparkling jewels
Proclaims aloud his gladness of the day.

Withdraw, O Muse, into thy nightly caverns,
Where the witchery of moonlight fairies
Plays from dusk to dawn and even dreams
Are never scorned to nothingness, but each
Is garmented with dewy moonbeams and wreathed
With a crown of silv'r sparkling stars.
Not so, not so, alas! the laughing morning,
When cocks announce the wintry world to work
Once more is dedicated, and sleighbells jingle
Out their merriment. To work, to work,
O white-clad world; to work while daylight lasts;
But when the mystic night returns, come forth
Once more, O Muse, with moon and stars and dreams.

12-31-'12.

O HEART OF MINE

O heart of mine, why dost thou struggle so?
Thou wert not singled out for pain or woe.
No mighty water ever rose unstirred
 Or unruffled flowed.
No spirit ever traveled heavenward
 On a level road.

O heart of mine, why dost thou falter so?
One firm step can make a spirit grow.
To waver or to wait is oft to lose
 A worthy, mighty end.
Be steadfast, Heart, and let thy Father use
 His humble, earthborn friend.

O heart of mine, why dost thou question so?
Do thou thy best, the rest thy God must know
And bit by bit He will reveal His plan
 If thou art worthy still.
He's ruled aright since first the world began.
 My heart, do thou His will.

7-17-'13.

BALLAD OF THE FISHER BOY

It was a little fisher's boy lived by the river's side,
His boat lay idly on the strand; his net he floated wide.
The daughter of the lumberman, she was so fair and
sweet,
Lived on the other side, you see, where she was hard to
meet.

It was a little fisher's boy that spied the pretty maid,
As on a lovely summer's morn beside the stream she
played.

He saw her drop her dolly down into the winding stream,
And then he heard a fearful noise that sounded like a
scream.

At once the little fisher lad he sprang into his boat
And rowed swiftly to the spot where dolly was afloat.
Hurriedly he found the doll; he seized her by the tresses,
And hastened so the little lass could give it her caresses.

He hurried to the little lass with triumph in his eyes
And gently gave within her arms the precious, dripping
prize.

She heeded not the cold, wet touch, scarce saw the ruined
toy
For all her beaming eyes could see was just the fisher's
boy.

"What means this here," a stern voice called. "Is this
your Christmas dolly?"

I think you'd better come with me, my naughty, wilful
Polly."

And rudely did the mother take her weeping, shame-
faced daughter,

And left the startled fisher's boy wondering by the
water.

"He only brot my dolly back," the little girl did cry;
"And now you leave him standing there, nor let me bid
good-bye."
"Enough, I say enough today," the mother sternly said,
And as a cruel punishment, put Polly off to bed.

But from her chamber window high, the little maid looked
down,
And saw her gallant knight look up with merry eyes of brown;
And thru the window wide, she sent a tiny, fluttering note.
"I dropped my doll to make you come," was all that Polly
wrote.



ON RECEIVING A BOUQUET OF PANSIES WHILE AT THE EITEL HOSPITAL

Pretty pansies, dipped in dew,
Baby kissed their petals true;
Mother picked them with a prayer
Breathed upon the morning air.

Fairy flowers, fresh and free,
Sister brot them here for me.
Every petal breathes her love
Gently as the stars above,

Breathe their silence into space,
Breathe their peace in heaven's face,
Dainty dreamers, every tint
Seems a soul from heaven sent.

Pansies stand for thot, they say,
Purest thots they oft convey;
Thots too deep for words to bear,
Soft dissolved into a prayer.

6-10,'13.

MY LIFE IS LIKE A SUMMER ROSE

My life is like a summer rose,
So frail, so brief and so exposed;
So tempest-tossed when scarcely born.
At morn its head is proud and high,
At eve its petals, faded lie,
And they who pluck it, find a thorn.

My life is like a summer rose,
So gay, so fresh, so free from woes;
So happy on its thorny throne.
At morn it spreads its earthly charms,
At eve it sleeps in Nature's arms,
And He who gave it takes it home.

8-2-'13

DAS HUETLEIN IM WALDE

Ich kenn' ein kleines Huetchen
Im Walde ganz allein;
Nur wenig Menchsen kennen's
So traulich und so klein.

Die grosze Weld die eilt vorbei,
Hat nichts damit in Sinn;
Und manchmal mein' ich beinah
Die Menschen wollen nicht hin.

Doch neimals werd' ich einsahm,
Im Walde ganz allein;
Denn dorten wohnet die Mutter,
Das Huetlein ist mein Heim.

8-8-'13.

ULLABY

Slumber on, my babe, my babe,
Sweetly on my breast;
All night long thy cradle song
Shall sing my babe to rest, to rest.

Lightly breathe my babe, my babe,
Thru the quiet night;
From afar the midnight star
Shall guard my babe so bright—so bright.

Dream thou on, my babe, my babe,
'Neath the dreamy moon,
Let not the snares of daily cares
Molest my babe too soon—too soon.

Sleep thou on, my babe, my babe,
As only babies sleep,
My mother-love shall guard her dove,
And angels watch shall keep—shall keep.

8-20-'13

EVENING REVERIE

The poetry of evening
Steals softly o'er the sea,
And a thousand day vexations
Lose their hold on me,

There's not a sound and not a sight
But soothes with its charms,
While the fragrance-laden breezes
Awake in Nature's arms.

And the dreamy stars are mirrored
Upon a dreamy sea;
While the poetry of the evening
Steals softly over me.

8-13-'13

Didst thou hear the patter of the rain
On the pane?
Ceaseless patter, patter, patter, like a childish chatter,
chatter,
Chattering in vain.

Now it dashes down in wilder measure,
Selfish pleasure!
What can all this dashing mean,
Dashing, splashing thru the green
Emptying heaven's treasure?

Not a sound of wild and crashing thunder
Or lightning's plunder,
Just the raindrops splashing, splashing,
Growing wilder in their dashing,
The dark dust under.

But the wild and torrentlike commotion, o'er the ocean
Cannot last 'for aye and ever, cannot last as if it never
Would cease its motion.

Soon the western sky grows bright once more,
And the rain drops patter, patter as before,
Cease their childish chatter, chatter;
The rain is o'er.

8-14-'13.

THE SNOW

Out of the ashen weight of heaven
Falls the snow;
First flake by flake, then thicker, faster
Does it grow;
Till all the dizzy air
Above, below
Is dancing with the snow.

Out of my happiness of heart
Emotions flow,
Low, little, aimless, fluttering
As the snow,
Till each with each is jostled
To and fro;
And I grow dizzy with their ceaseless flow.

Deep, deep and breathless still
Lies the snow;
No sound, no sigh, no breath is stirring
Here below;
And deep, too deep for utterance
Or overflow,
My thots lie, silent as the snow.

MISUNDERSTOOD

Out in the cold and the darkness alone,
All alone,
The councilor I valued, the friend that I loved
Gone, gone.
Not on a journey of pleasure or pain,
From thence his return I might laud;
Not into life with its losses and gain,
A friend would not spare him that rod;
Not to the land where the blessed ones reign;
Then would I yield him to God.
But tossed from my life like a toy on the tide,
Thrust from his heart with no heed for my pride;
Cast from his presence tho still at his side,
I, in the cold and darkness alone,
Stand with my friend and my councilor gone—
MISUNDERSTOOD.

2-17-'14.

TRIOLET

I had a friend,
Have I her still?
I COULD depend
I had a friend;
But in the end
Will all be ill?
I had a friend,
Have I her still?

I loved a friend,
Have I been true?
Did I pretend
I loved a friend?
Did self attend
All love would do?
I loved a friend
Have I been true?

I was a friend
And love I would,
Truth will defend
I was a friend;
Yet we in the end
Misunderstood.
I was a friend
And love I would.

4-29-'14.

ON RECEIVING A BOUQUET OF TULIPS WHILE IN A SICKROOM

Ye tulips of yellow, ye visions of joy,
So gayly, so happ'ly your charms ye employ,
So lightly, so sprightly your petals unfold,
You lend all the sunshine my room dare not hold.

Ye tulips of crimson, dark, passionate red,
Too true to be daunted, too proud to be led.
Your love-lips wide open, your dark lids aquiver,
You shout it aloud, the praise of the giver.

Lily-white and lily-fair,
Fit to clasp in hands of prayer,
Tulips white, ye quiet band
Emblem of a better land;
Let your waxen lids droop low
And tell of peace and after glow.

3-22-'14.

SONNET

Lone star, so peaceful in the quiet night,
So unafraid of cloud or passing storm,
So Christ-like lovely in thy steady light
I long like thee my duty to perform.
But thou art large amid the million fires.
That feebly falter 'round thee once again,
Almost I envy while my soul aspires,
I am so little 'mongst the tribes of men.
Yet e'en the star that feeblest seems to me
May brightest to some other star appear,
And, quenched tonight, its faint light still
might be
Aglow for ages on this planet here.
Perhaps e'en I to some lone soul may worthy
seem,
And my faint light go struggling down time's
steady stream.

5-6-'14.

FREE WILL

Free Will? Ah, yes, and yet Divine Will, too,
The twain must wedded be.
Thru time, as man more perfect grows and true,
They both will be more free.
God's to allow and ours to do,
And both to blend their powers,
And God will make us free anew,
For His Will will be ours.

3-5-'14.

MY PILGRIM'S RIGHT

Just to be always doing some little thing for Thee,
Just to be always finding some beautiful thing to see,
Just to be always thinking what others have done for me,
Just to be always watching for Love's opportunity,
This is my prayer tonight.

All that Thou canst make me, without my wanting the
praise,
All that Thou canst show me, that will not blind or daze,
All that Thou canst give me, that I'll use in Thy chosen
ways,
All that Thou canst teach me, of simplicity and praise,
This is my Pilgrim's Right.

8-9-'14.

TO THE FIRST ROBIN

Cheerie, cheerie, cheerie, chee!
Sing O robin, sing to me.
I grow stronger as I listen
To thy gladsome melody.

What a burst of wild surprise,
What magic in thy music lies!
Far into the evening twilight
Let it rise and rise and rise.

Like a blush of morning's splendor,
Like a gush of passion tender,
Like the ripple of a river
Is the music that you render.

Like a burst of pure emotion,
Rising from the heart's devotion;
Sweet and musical and clear
Rings thy song o'er land and ocean.

First the fond hopes of love,
Like a message from above,
Like the joy that stirs with peace,
So thy notes my spirit move.

Weary am I, very weary,
Tired of the winter dreary;

Of its sickness and its cold,
Bird, I need thy message cheery.

Need the gladness thou canst bring,
All the hope of youth and spring;
All the courage of thy song,
Let it ring and ring and ring.

Let it bring to Earth new cheer,
Ring with joy on every ear;
With a convalescent buoyance,
Let it fill the hearts that hear.

Winter has been hard and long,
Earthly creatures are not strong;
All the courage thou canst lend us
We would borrow from thy song.

Wild the magic of thy glee;
With contagion filleth me;
Grateful am I for thy music,
Cheerie, cheerie, cheerie, chee.

Spring, 1914.

TO THE FATHER OF WATERS

Thou calmer of my keenest cares,
Thou disentangler of all snares
That teach me passion unawares,
On thy broad bosom's steadfast flow
I cast my least, my deepest woe
And trust that uncomplainingly
Thou'l heal the wound I cannot stay.
My soul is sick, my heart is bare
To all of passions outward snare;
A thousand foes take anchor there.
I sit and watch thy steady motion
Onward, onward to the ocean
Without hurry or commotion.
A sense of peace steals over me,
A peace I cannot understand;
And yet I know 'tis born of thee
And I extend my empty hand.
Upon thy banks the wild flower springs.
And to the oak the ivy clings;
Thy bare, broad breast the robin wings,
The water-weed its greenness flings;
Upon the air the whistle rings
And by thy side the child voice sings.
The wheels of labor hum and whirr,
The hearts of man with passion stir
And life of feather and of fur
Lives out its gladness and its pride,
Is sad or happy at thy side.

Yet on thy steady murmurs go
Thru summer's rain and winter's snow,
Like tides of time thy waters flow,
And broad and broader do they grow
Until they reach the gulf below.
What saint and savage by thy side
Have sat in solitude or pride,
The red man sulked with battle's loss,
The white man set the Saviour's cross,
The black man dragged as slave across.
The red, the white, the black, all three
Saint and demon variously;
The rush of labor, whirr of mills,
The toil that saints and toil that kills.
A million lamps with living splendor,
To rival sunset's beauty tender;
The roar of railroad, noise of car,
A thousand, thousand sounds that jar;
A thousand, thousand notes that soothe,
Water rough and water smooth;
Thy companions ever are.
A hundred cities lean on thee;
A thousand streamlets bend to sea,
A million mortals drink of thee
And thru a million, million years
Watched by laughter and in tears,
Thou flowest thru to eternity.

When every joy has left me
In bitter overflow,
When courage has bereft me
And faith is burning low;
When dark and deep depression

Drags me to the earth;
And hope gives no expression
To Power's inner birth;
When all my friends seem taken
And all my foes seem nigh;
When even love seems shaken,
And even Truth a lie.
Then to thee, O flowing river
I come, I come and ne'er in vain;
At thy shining feet deliver
All my passions, all my pain.

Momentary is the morning's splendor
Soon o'er taken by the heat of day,
Fragmentary every thrilling tender
Touch of passion's inward earnest sway.
Stars arise with twilight's tender shadows,
Rise and watch to glow and fade again;
Dewdrops sparkle in the morning meadows
But noon's impatience searches them in vain.
Man himself with all his boastful brilliance
Fades and falls in all his vain endeavor,
But thou, majestic stream, unlike the millions
Flowest, goest, glidest on thy course forever.

In the toil and heat of day
'Neath Ambition's upward sway,
Close beside thee let me roam
Hear thy gushing and thy flowing,
See the busy boatman rowing,
Watch the wavelets wash and foam
Rippling toward their ocean home.
Father of Waters, noble stream,

Let me work and let me dream
Twixt me and my Alma Mater,
I of both a loyal daughter.
Let me pray and let me dream
On thy banks that human seem.
Only the stars can rival thee
Father of waters, noble stream.

5-21-'14.



SLAUGHTERED BABYHOOD

Three hundred thousand babies dead?
O God, it cannot, cannot be
Thou didst give them but to take them,
Thus to snatch them ruthlessly.

O the tears that must have fallen,
O the hearts that have been rent,
As slowly down the aisles mourning
Three hundred thousand mothers went.

All the nation's future promise,
All the hopes, all that comes
With earnest toil, and thought, and prayer
Lies latent in those little ones.

And yet we let them droop and die,
Die, without a chance to live.
Do we trust that He who gave them
Will never cease to give and give?

Or do we launch their little lives
Into this world of sin and strife,
And trust that God will guard them safely
Thru all the man-made snares of life?

Up, up ye sluggards, think and live.
God is here to help us still,

But He will never play our part,
We are here to do His will.

Blame not only nurse and doctor,
Wound not a mother's broken heart.
Hand in hand we all must labor,
Each of us must do his part.

Three hundred thousand babies dead!
O let their spirits rise again
And plead, their baby arms uplifted,
With the iron hearts of men.

3-1-'14.



THE LAND OF WAR

There is a land where the rivers run red
And the fields are flooded with blood and tears;
Where the living are damned compared with the dead,
And the dead are piled like swine on their biers,

The Land of War.

There is a land where the kingly sword
Is swung o'er the peasants' helpless head,
Where the powerless die at their monarch's word,
Nor know why they join the ranks of the dead,

The Land of War.

I know a place where the widows weep
And the old and fatherless hungry go,
Where yesterday's homes in a blasted heap
Lie shattered forever, black and low,

The Land of War.

The land of religion and culture and light,
With missionaries in every clime;
The example of nations, the leader of right
Has plunged into drunkenness, hunger and crime,

In the Land of War.

I know of peoples crazed with grief;
And nations mad with sorrow and sin;
And the life of virtue but frail and brief
When the howling beast was wakened within,

In the Land of War.

I know a country where hearts of men
Will break, ere long, in penitent grief,
Where the eyes of the blind will be opened again,
And the reign of lawlessness will be brief, (

For poverty, sickness and hunger will lead
The proud and the lowly alike to the cross;
And the meek and the haughty together will bleed
And the poor and the rich will share the same loss
In the Land of War.

For error, at last, must destroy all error,
And Truth will be antidote for sin.
Then Love will succeed the reign of terror

And the Kingdom of GOD will be found within
In that Land of War.

Then Christ, triumphant, will rise over all
And Bethlehem's angels will break forth new joy,
And brother to brother will echo the call
Of a love which war has no power to destroy
In the Land of Peace.

11-10-'14.



AN MEIN GELIEBTEN

Ich liebe dich so innerlich,
Und immer, immer mehr;
Und waerest du mir genommen
Die ganze Welt waer' leer.

Mein ganzes Tuen und Sinnen
Das klammert sich um dich.
Ich liebe dich vom Hertzen,
So treu, so immerlich.

Die boese Welt war ungerecht,
Verdammet hat sie dich;
Doch haben wir einander,
Ihre Feindschaft kerret uns nicht.

Das Leben lang liegt vor uns,
Liegt vor uns, fro und klar;
Was stoerret uns fremde Feindschaft?
Wir sind einander nahe.

Ein ernstes, frohes Leben
An Lieb' und Arbeit reich,
Das werden wir beide fuehrin,
In Treu' und Streben gleich.

Lasz alle Weld verdammen,
Wird Freundschaft kalt und schen,
Doch haben wir einander,
Und bleiben einander treu.

12-12,-'15.

TO G——

With a wish for a Merry Christmas,
And a kiss for a Happy New year,
And a whole heart full of passion
For the one I hold most dear.

'Tis a humble little gift, Love,
But I give it with my heart.
Take all, take all I have, Love;
I could not give thee part.

12-15,-'15.

TO MY LOVE

The love thou bearest me, Love,
Is for no worth of mine;
Nor is it born of thee, Love,
But of a Love Divine.

The heart thou gavest me, Love,
I spurned when first I met.
But who resisteth thee, Love?
Who could thy love regret?

Thou wert so all-persistent,
So all unselfish, thou;
And I, tho all-resistant,
Before thy love must bow.

Thou gavest me thy best, Love.
My best I give to thee,
To God we leave the rest, Love.
He's Love to thee and me.

12-15,-'15.

TRUTH

The law that bid the wind be still,
That did of old the Father's will,
That healed the sick and raised the dead
And gave God's needy children bread,
Is still with His truth tenanted.

The storms are stayed and stilled the flood
Where'er God's law is understood.
Where'er the truth that freedom spells
Securely in man's bosom dwells,
And all the dross of sin dispells.

Speak the word, thou child of God,
To thee was given Truth's iron rod;
Nor heat, nor cold, nor storm, nor shower,
Can stay the coming of God's hour,
Nor dwarf the allness of His power.

Oct., 1917.

TO THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER

Oh Mother, with thy little flock,
The priceless gift of God made thine;
Let not the noise of earth-born fears
Drown out the voice of Love divine.

Whate'er the seeming lack may be,
Whate'er the tumult, loss or ill;
God's living truth, in living flame,
Leads thru that's wildernesses still.

The slave to sense may cringe or fear,
The heathen, worship drug or stone;
The Christian mother, unafraid,
Entrusts to God her child, His own.

There is no danger in God's world,
No sickness, sin or need are there,
Rise fearless o'er the clouds of sense
And lo, Love reigneth everywhere.

And in that omnipresent Love,
God's little ones are ever blessed;
Let Him be Father of His own,
And in His Wisdom safely rest.

Summer, '17.

A PRAYER

Thou dost call me, gentle Father,
Thru the worlds' tumultuous din,
Still I hear thy voice, dear Father,
Calling thru a voice within.

All my warring sense outpouring,
I surrender self and sin.

Thou dost lead me, gentle Father,
Lead me where I ought to go.
With my hand in thine, dear Father,
I will never weary grow
Of the living and the giving
Of Thy love's eternal flow.

Thou dost watch me, gentle Father,
Watch my nature's deepest bent;
That, looking in Thy face, dear father,
I can see thy whole consent;
And my hurry and my worry
May be lost in sweet content.

Thou dost guide me, gentle Father,
Guide me as Thou seest best;
To that inward peace, dear Father,
Where Thine in understanding rest.
Sin denying, Truth applying,
Onward, onward, in their quest.

Thou dost shield me, gentle Father,
Shield me from earth's sin and shame;
Shield me with thy love, dear Father,
In the dear Redeemer's name.

That His eternal life supernal
Doth my refuge prove from pain.

Thou dost teach me, gentle Father,
Teach me how to DO and BE:
That I may at length, dear Father,
A true reflection prove, of Thee.

And my teaching and outreaching
May bring others home to Thee.

Revised, 1917.



ARMAGEDDON

Where is the seat of the terrible conflict,
Raging and howling on ocean and shore?
What is the cause of the horrible combat,
Writhing and storming in battle and war?

“Tis Kaiser, ‘tis King, ‘tis President, Czar,”
Angry and injured the masses all cry.
“Tis you in your ignorance holding us servants.”
Fiercely and firmly the rulers reply.

“Tis this nation, that nation, this people, that,”
“Tis Monarchy, Anarchy, Militant Force.”
“Tis the Church not on duty, the School at recess.”
“Tis some outward power misshaping our course.”

Each cursing the other, each hounding his brother;
Men, in mad rush after fortune and fame,
Are blindly condemning, are falsely accusing;
None looking to SELF for his share of the blame.

And Self, the low tyrant, the many-horned monster,
Is deluding the heart into hatred and strife;
While up on the scaffold, the Truth of the Ages,
Seems hanging suspended from honor and life.

And ever the Dragon, the many-mouthed monster,
The Serpent called sin is subtiling his way;

Stealing the heart not suspecting his presence.
Swelling his ranks in disguised display.

Error, awake to its short-lived dominion,
Fiercely is feigning a triumph today;
The forces of evil, the ranks of the devil,
Are drawn 'gainst each other in battle array.

Louder and louder the battle is roaring.
Fiercer and fiercer the fury and fight;
Each sees in his brother, the coward, the traitor;
Each sees in himself the champion of right.

Thicker and thicker the war clouds are gath'ring,
Darker and darker encircles the gloom;
Daily the Beast to the World is exposing
A self-willed humanity, facing its doom.

And the heart, the poor heart, in its yearning for freedom,
Slowly is groping its way to the light;
Still clinging to pleasure, to ease and to power,
Yet hating their tyranny, meanness and might—

THERE is the seat of the terrible conflict,
THERE are the issues of death and of life;
THERE is the call to honor and manhood,
DOWN IN THE HEART is the seat of the strife.

The roar of the cannon, the whirr of the bullet,
The clash of the sword and the thunder of gun;
They show but the sham of human endeavor;
The fight they expose, in the **HEART** must be won.

Each has his share in the terrible conflict;
Each bears SOME blame for the God-cursing war;
The sin of all ages in long fermentation,
Has burst the frail cov'rings that hide it no more.

On the selfdamning battle-field, thund'ring and bleeding,
But centers the tumult so world-wide to-day.
The vict'ry there needed, is but the beginning
That quickens the spirit and brightens the way.

Revenge cannot save us, hate cannot heal us,
Nor the endless outpouring of the hot blood of youth;
'Tis Self must be conquered, the heart must grow purer;
Vict'ry can come but through Love and through Truth.

Then fight, mortal man, fight for your freedom;
Conquer the self that has led you astray;
Up, up, where the heights of true manhood are waiting;
And the light of the Christ illumines the Way.

Spring, 1918.



H. T. S.

I thot they would not find him,
Up here in this mountain wild;
Nor leave me alone behind him,
Me, and my unborn child.

I hoped they could win without him,
Win this terrible war.
'Tis selfish to grieve about him,
But my heart is so heavy and sore.

We left the great world behind us,
For our own little world of love;
For the ties that so closely bind us
Were born in Heaven above.

A few brief months of Heaven,
And then the dread war call came;
And bravely we have striven
To answer in freedom's name.

Summer, 1918

IF

Parody on Kipling's "If"

If you can keep your peace while all around you
Are talking war with hatred in their eyes;
If you can know the Truth and not let lies confound you,
Tho all the world is uttering those lies;

If you can love but not let love confuse you,
If you can know and make your knowledge count;
If you can see a subtle foe abuse you,
Yet firmly live the Sermon on the Mount;

If you can live so deep in love that hatred cannot reach you
And so destroy your foe by making him your friend;
If you can know that none but God can teach you,
And so rely upon His Wisdom to the end;

If you can do each seeming, petty duty,
With that same largeness called for by the nobler one;
Your's is God's peace in all its sacred beauty,
And what's more, you'll help win Truth's war, my son.

Fall, 1918.

I found a soul the other night,
And she was wondrous fair;
I scarce can see how such divineness
Can be written there.

I once had looked thru mortal mind
Where sin and error lies;
But when I sought the spiritual,
The scales fell from my eyes.

And lo, I gazed upon that soul
That once seemed rude and bare,
And thru my spirit eyes I saw
God's image mirrored there.

Fall, 1918.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Dec. 17th, 1807—Sept. 7th, 1892.

“And the wood-thrush of Essex, you know whom I mean,
Whose song echoes round us while he sits unseen,
Whose heart-throbs of verse through our memories thrill
Like a breath from the wood, like a breeze from the hill,

“So fervid, so simple, so loving, so pure,
We hear but one strain and our verdict is sure—
Thee cannot elude us—no further we search,—
’Tis holy George Herbert cut loose from his church!

“We think it the voice of a seraph that sings—
Alas! we remember that angels have wings.—
What story is this of the day of his birth?
Let him live to a hundred! We need him on earth!”

Thus sings the poet Holmes and indeed we know whom he means for of whom but our Quaker poet could such words as these be spoken? Who else of all those, who have gained a secure place in the great halls of fame, was quite “So fervid, so simple, so loving, so pure.”

Born in the quiet Merrimack Valley near Haverhill, Massachusetts, with “one river valley, one glimpse of the sea, and one mountain range with the beautiful lakes nestled among the hills,” forming the complete horizon line for his boyish eyes to rest, and his poetic soul to feed upon and reared there in the pure, peaceful atmosphere of a quiet, Quaker, farm home, whose ancestry for many generations back had been noted for

their deep, true, religious principles, what wonder that the boy poet whose natural instincts were so pure and so true should remain true and pure to the last? What wonder that the born singer should choose for his songs such as he did and sing them with that unchanging sweetness and simplicity to the very end?

Of his boyhood life who could give a better picture than he himself portrays in his well loved "Bare-foot Boy," where he says:

"Blessings on thee, little man—
Barefoot boy, with cheeks of tan
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lips, redder still,
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy!
I was once a barefoot boy!"

Of his boyhood home who could give us a better, a truer description than he himself in his Winter Idyl, "Snow-bound"? He pictures for us there the whole family gathered about the wide kitchen hearth on a winter's night when without there were "no clouds above, no earth below, A universe of sky and snow." How peacefully they all must have sat there together!

"Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about;
Content to let the north wind roar,
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before them beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;

What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all the snow
Could quench their hearthfire's ruddy glow."

His education was a meagre one. Until he was nineteen all of actual schooling he had received consisted in what he got in the district school, when the work at home permitted. His father, as he himself said, was a "prompt, decisive man." He had been a farmer and he meant that his son should be a farmer also. When, therefore, certain editors in the neighborhood to whose columns the boy had already contributed poems, urged the father to send John to the Haverhill academy, it was only through the influence of the gentle mother who was in entire sympathy with her son, that the plans were made to materialize. He spent two winters at the academy and this completed his education so far as going to school was concerned. But he was all his life a student and what he learned by reading and studying in after years, together with that boyhood "knowledge never learned of schools," made him one of the best examples we have of a "self-made man" among all of our literary men. So far had his self education gone, that in 1858, when he was fifty-one years old, he was made over-seer of Harvard College and later received her degree of L. L. D. He was also made trustee of Brown University.

But Whittier lived at a time when all this great country was afire with the one live question of slavery; at a time when not only most of our greatest literary men but also many of our greatest statesmen lived; at a time when the minds of all our greatest people were centred in one great problem; at a time when all the best energies of the country were bent towards the one central thing and working either for or

against it—Slavery! And what in our quiet Whittier was the stronger, his Quaker love for peace or his human love for right and the freedom of a fellow creature; the struggle for mere literary fame or the hard earned right to be called the first among our great abolitionists? He himself answers the question simply and definitely in these words:—"I set a higher value on my name as appended to the anti-slavery declaration of 1833 than on the title page of any book." None of the leading poets of that day (and there were not a few) were afraid to utter a sincere word in the cause of slavery, but on the other hand none of them but Whittier were quite willing to sacrifice all of their time and all of their talent in a cause so intensely, so universally unpopular and it is but right that to him should have been given the name of "The Slavery Poet."

His rousing anti-slavery lyrics began early to appear in public papers and when he was scarcely twenty W. L. Garrison who was then editing "The Philanthropist" in Boston, was attracted by them and offered Whittier the editorship of his paper which he accepted. From then until about 1840 he edited many papers and became an influential journalist having newspaper connections in Massachusetts, New York, Philadelphia and Washington.

When a young man, Whittier's keenest interests seemed to run along political rather than literary lines. His ambition was to be a statesman rather than a poet and had his health been less delicate he very probably would have succeeded in his ideas for all thru life he kept in close touch with the leading questions of the day and, even as an old man, his opinion was sought by the leading statesmen of the country.

Among his fiercest anti-slavery lyrics were, "The Yankee Girl," "The Hunters of Men," "The Farewell," "Massachusetts to Virginia," "The Christian Slave," and "Clerical Oppression." So forceful indeed were some of his verses that

it is said their author was dragged through the streets of Boston three times by some mad mob. Once at Newburyport he was as he puts it, "assailed with decayed eggs, sticks and light missils." In Philadelphia his printing office was sacked and burned.

By all this can be seen how intense and bitter was the struggle and what staunch courage it took for any man to cling so strongly and so boldly to his principles. But Whittier was true to the very last and his cry for freedom was never hushed until the war was ended and peace and freedom for ALL restored. Then he modestly retired to his quiet home at Amesbury, only a few miles from his boyhood farm home, which had been sold at the death of his father. Here he spent the remainder of his life in peace and gratitude to God for the great work He had wrought in the nation. Here he made his name which had so deservedly become national in a national cause, world-known by his sweet, simple songs, some of which shall live as long as the English language.

It was here at Amesbury that most of his works, which are and ever will remain of standard value, were written. Here appeared "Snowbound," "Among the Hills," his dearly loved "Song of Labor," "The Barefoot Boy," "Skipper Ireson's Ride," "In School Days," "Telling the Bees," "Gone," and many of those deeply, beautifully spiritual lyrics, as "The Eternal Goodness," "My Psalm," "The Minister's Daughter," and many others for which Whittier's name seems to stand first and foremost even now. Those are indeed sweet, simple poems which poured out from his ever earnest, almost child-like soul, that rare, deep faith which has encouraged and strengthened so many. It has been said that "The moral in Whittier predominates over the aesthetic, the reformer over the artist," and this is shown in almost every line he wrote. He sits now in these latter years of his life in his quiet retreat and from there his simple songs gush forth upon the busy

world, even as a rare, refreshing spring at times gushes forth in a dusty, noisy city. He finds now

“That care and trial seem at last
In memory’s sunset air
Like mountain ranges overpassed
In purple distance fair.”

He seeks ever the best in mankind and is willing to excuse rather than reprove the wrongs of his fellow creatures, for according to his principles:

“It is not ours to separate
The tangled skein of will and fate,
To show what metes and bounds should stand
Upon the soul’s debatable land,
And between choice and Providence,
Divide the circle of events;

But He, who knows our frame, is just.
Merciful and compassionate
And full of sweet assurances
And hope for all the language is
That He remembreth we are dust.”

His faith in God is ever true and unbroken for he says:

“I know not what the future hath
Of marvel and surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

“I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;

I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.”

Then just because he lacked in grandeur what others may have had, just because he preferred sense to sound, and simplicity and sweetness to thrilling eloquence, should we love him less? It is a beautiful thing to be able to appreciate the works of these great men but there are hours in your life and mine when we feel as Longfellow did when he said:

“Come read to me from some poem,
Some simple and beautiful lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling
And banish the thoughts of day.

“Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

“For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life’s endless toil and endeavor,
And to-night I long for rest.

“Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelid start;

“Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,

Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

“Such songs have the power to quiet
The restless pulse of care
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.”



LOVE

'Love is like a river,
Swelling as it goes;
As an open giver
But the richer grows.'"

Thus has someone described Love, and, as far as it goes, this description does very well. But Love is not merely **LIKE** a river. It **IS** a river, a river of emotions, the purest and broadest and deepest that ever flowed into the great sea of Eternity.

But Love is not merely an emotion, or a stream of emotions. It is more. Paul says, "If I have not Love I am nothing." If that be true, Love must represent not merely the highest and best that is in man, but it **MUST BE LIFE ITSELF**, for as long as life still lasts, we cannot say, "I am nothing." Love, then, is life.

But there are things greater even than life itself. Christ says, "Every good and perfect gift cometh of God." John says, "God is Love." In other words it is Love that is the Source of all that is highest and purest and best. Love, then, must be just what Drummond called it, "the **summum bonum**," "the Greatest Thing in the World."

April, 1912.

“AUNTY”

Everybody calls her “aunty”; everybody loves her and everybody considers himself her special friend. Her kind, sweet face and sunny smile are a standing invitation to all who lack a friend; and her bright, loving manner seldom fails to attract even the smallest child. In her clear, blue eyes the “due of youth” still sparkles and sometimes overflows, tho the locks that crown her head are white as winter snows. Her thin and slightly drooping form, as well as her womanly face, bear traces of mental and physical suffering, seldom experienced by humankind. In eighteen years she has not known what it is to feel entirely well, yet her invariable cheerfulness, and sometimes even gayety, shame almost everyone who comes in contact with her. She has no children or grandchildren to brighten her old age yet she is seldom allowed to be alone. Old and young, great and small, wise and “otherwise” flock to her for entertainment, advice or comfort and no one ever goes away disappointed; no one ever seeks her in vain. Thus with many trials and no complaints, with aching heart and smiling lips “aunty” has made herself the center of the community.

X1-1,-'05.

HAYMAKING

"All the hills stretched green to June's unclouded skies"
And all the meadows fair before my dreamy eyes.

Suddenly I was attracted by the sound of voices and I stopped short in my walk as well as in my dreaming to find myself surrounded by mounds of sweet-smelling hay in a large, green meadow. Further on towards the center of the meadow, a heavy ox-team stood with several men on and about it, busily adding more of the field's richest treasure to the already large load. Others again were kept busy in carrying the smaller mounds to one large pile in the center, while still another was managing a large hay-rake. Every now and then someone would call to the oxen, or say something, at which all the rest would send out a hearty peal of laughter. In the top of a gracefully spreading elm several crows were cawing to each other, while from a neighboring thicket a cuckoo sent out his doleful call. Thus the sounds of "nature and human nature" harmoniously blended. Far beyond all this, wooded hills with their wealth of shade and sunshine were picturesquely climbing to the gorgeous splendor of a sunset sky. For a moment I gazed in silent admiration on the wide scene, dwelling on each varied detail. Then, as my eyes fell once more on the busy, happy workers, laboring in this most beautiful of all art-galleries, nature, the thots of Grey came to me stronger than any others and I found myself repeating very earnestly, Ah! "Let not ambition mock their useful toil."

XI-14,-'05.

A SMALL VILLAGE

I paused in my pleasant ramble, just before reaching the summit of the commanding hill I was ascending, to rest and to look down into the little village at my feet, which could perhaps be better observed from this point than anywhere else. It was a strange village to my American eyes, so different from any I was accustomed to seeing at home; for it was in the far-off country of Germany that I stood at this early morning hour, gazing and meditating on what I saw. The red-roofed houses that stretched before me were quaint and old-fashioned and old, many of them standing, perhaps, over a hundred years in the self-same place they occupied now. They were made chiefly of a light colored cement with dark heavy cross-beams that stood out with imposing yet interesting singularity to the unaccustomed eye and tho the village was but small, these antique dwellings were situated so close to each other that it seemed to me their occupants might easily shake hands across the narrow aisles between them. The only public highway that marked Hebenshausen was a single street running thru the center of it, too long to make any other necessary in so small a place, too narrow to permit any ornamental shade trees, front lawns, or flower gardens, and so well-kept as to shame some of our largest cities. The only public buildings that could be detected anywhere were the church, the school and a little Jewish temple; and these seemed even stranger and more interesting than the private houses. The whole scene told the story of a hard-working, well-organized but (to us, at least) poor community.

I passed on to the top of the hill where I had been directed to look for the graves of several of my ancestors of whom I had heard so much and seen nothing; and as, with some difficulty I opened the half unhinged gate, I could not help thinking, "Oh, dreary desolations; thy name is Country Graveyard!" It was evident by the straight, unbroken rows in which the graves were arranged that some attempt at order had been made by those in charge of the place. But certainly the attempt had been lost in utter failure, for the grass in the paths, and alas, on some of the graves also, was so long that I concluded (and without mistake as I found out later) that it was intended to be allowed to grow until it was ready to make into hay. Flowers there were but few on the graves and these were in many cases almost choked by weeds, and the humble slabs of marble and granite were in many cases half hidden by grass and weeds, or upon closer examination, almost disfigured by "uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture." Yet the thing that impressed me most, I discovered when, upon some search, I picked out my grandmother's grave according to the directions I had received, but found out only after a long time that my grandfather was at an entirely different end of the cemetery. Then I saw that it was seldom two people of the same family were buried side by side, and that only the very richest families had lots of their own. This was for the same reason of course, as the closely-built houses; in a country so thickly populated as Germany, every square foot of earth is of value, too great to be within the reach of the common classes of people. There were, however, many large, beautiful trees scattered at regular intervals thruout the entire place which detracted greatly from the general disorderliness, and in spite of the many drawbacks, a certain sense of sacred peace that can be felt only among the graves of the dead, prevailed over all, and emphasized this holy Sabbath morning, by the sweetly-solemn pealing of the distant church bell.

From any point of this high hill could be seen and studied the surrounding country, strictly agricultural. It seemed to me that the whole neighborhood, with the exception of about a dozen villages, which could be seen from any one place, was one vast, well-kept garden, under such perfect cultivation were the fields, the meadows and the hillsides; and then, as my thots returned again to the little village I had just left, I could understand, what it was that made it and its inhabitants what they were. Surely land so perfectly kept must require an undue amount of cultivation; and altho I knew that during the last ten years many machines had been imported from America for that purpose, there must still be a large amount of hard labor done, and that for low wages; otherwise how could those who owned the land be expected to pay such heavy taxes! The majority of people, then, were employed by perhaps half a dozen land owners, a good deal as our Southern planters employ large numbers of men; and it was hard work and small pay that kept them from advancing socially as well as intellectually.

But the church bell was chiming out its second call and I decided to answer its summons. Once back in the village I soon found my way to the gray stone church. How different it was from any I had ever seen and yet, as it was a church, how strangely like all other churches in the universe! In my own country I had never seen a place of worship actually covered with moss and crumbling with age. Yet this was certainly the case here; and still a certain air of substantialness marked it also, that, alas many of our much newer buildings lack. I entered with my cousin who just came up at that time, and to my great surprise she led me to a private pew rented by her folks. She closed the door

behind her and we found ourselves sole occupants of a space large enough for quite a good-sized family. From it we could see unseen and hear unheard all that was going on in the little congregation. The church was as small as has been said, and in general it was furnished much like those of its size and character in our own country, but when the services were begun I forgot the country I was in, forgot the strange people there with me, forgot even that for the first time in my life I occupied a pew almost alone, while others were almost crowded for any kind of a seat, forgot all except that I was in church and His presence, and it was this that made this church so like all others even tho it was do different.

XI-8-'06.



A WOMAN'S DRESS

Yes, superficial tho it may seem at first thought, every woman must give a certain amount of her time to her external appearance as well as to her innermost being. It has been said, "It is every woman's right to look as beautiful as possible." It should have been said, "It is every woman's duty to look at least as neat as possible and to have her dress as far as is within her power harmonize with her surroundings and conditions." Let us then, for a moment, try to think of the subject of dress under the following headings—simplicity, economy, individuality, harmony and beauty.

Simplicity! Is there a more beautiful, a more forceful word in the English language that could and ought to characterize a true woman's dress? No, because under it comes that other equally beautiful, equally forceful, equally necessary word—Modesty.

The simple woman is the modest woman, the true woman, the woman that is sought after. She will not make herself a walking fashion-plate! She will not try to draw forth the envy of her neighbors and the attention of all with whom she comes in contact! She will not make her husband scornfully ask himself the question:

"What is a butterfly? At best,
He's but a caterpillar dressed.
The gaudy fop's picture just!"

No, her ideals will be higher, nobler. She will wear becoming colors and materials and have them tastefully and suitably made even tho this involve the severest plainness. She will

make it her motto not to attract unnecessary attention. She will "never make her dress her rival."

Economy! There are women in whose narrow minds their own appearance has such a prominent place that they will actually let their little boys go to school bare-footed and in overalls in order that they may have a new hat and suit (and sometimes several) for every season of the year and then they'll complain if they can't get a pair of gloves and a veil to match each new hat and suit. Now, while these things are unquestionably right for those who can easily afford them, they are unquestionably wrong, sinful, selfish, narrow for a woman in moderate circumstances who cannot have them without robbing somebody else of the bare necessities, to say nothing of the moderate comforts of life. A woman in her home looks just as attractive (and often more so) in a plain, substantial, well and neatly made, gingham dress, the material of which cost only a dollar, as she does in an expensive, woolen skirt and some fancy, half faded, cast-off waist—probably lacking the buttons. A woman on the street always receives just as much admiration in a plain walking skirt with a suitable waist and jacket to match as she would in an unnecessarily expensive and "fussy" tailor-made suit. It is surprising how much the tactful woman can save in her clothing by making them herself, changing and making over old garments, using substantial rather than "stylish" materials and supplying taste for superfluous trimmings. All she thus wisely and nobly saves is her's and her family's and besides winning the respect of her husband and her neighbors. She can in this way often hide to the inquisitive outside world the somewhat embarrassing circumstances under which she labors.

Individuality! What woman does not wish to be, or at least ought not to wish to be, herself, and stand for herself always? To fully carry this out she must not allow others

to do her entire thinking in the matter of her dress any more than in the matter of bringing up her children. She must know what is the most becoming way of making her new dress regardless of the newest fashion plate. "Fashion is a barricade behind which people hide nothingness." Surely no woman of true and proper independence and worth could ever want to be dictated to by the entire world! She will know what is best for every occasion for her especial use. She will know "dress is not a mere covering, but a symbol," the symbol of the woman who wears it.

Harmony! Here seems to lie the secret of the whole, for any dress, however attractive in itself, soon loses its every charm if it is not suited to the wearer and the occasion. How painful would be the grandest ball dress at a funeral and how irreverant at church! How out of place any of us would feel in the most tasteful tailormade suit, if by some mistake we were to wear it to some formal dinner or reception! Not only must the gown be suited to the occasion but to the wearer as well. Suppose fashion does call for plaid or box plaints! That is no sign that every fleshy woman must wear these things. Suppose red is the leading color of the season! That is not a hint to every "warm-completed" or every dignified, quiet woman to get a bright red suit. No, let this color remain for the gay, active people with fair, light complexions and let others wear whatever is best for them. "Suitable wearing apparel is beautiful wearing apparel."

And this brings us up to our last heading,—beauty. It seems safe to say that this simply summarizes all that has been said before, for if all these other things are carried out he will soon find that even in this manner of dress it is best to say

‘Straight is in the line of duty,
Curved is the line of beauty.
Follow the first and you will see,
The second ever following thee.’



AN AUTUMN LANDSCAPE

As I sit and gaze from my window over the broad valley of the Father of Waters upon the ever changing, ever gorgeous autumn landscape, my heart warms and thrills with love and pride of the North Star State. Before me lies the little garden of the months just past. It has yielded its best for one season and now enjoys its well-earned repose for the next. The corn-fields, still unharvested, wave and rustle beyond it as the gentle breezes, passing thru, whisper tales of peace and plenty. Next is the bright underbrush of scarlet sumac and dark brown oaks that as yet are only bushes and are scattered here and there on the softest, richest, deepest green that Nature ever painted. Slowly, to a picturesque height rises this emerald carpet, bearing on its shadow-checkered bosom majestic oaks and graceful elms and scarlet maples until all rise to meet, or seem to meet, the azure depths of the peaceful heavens beyond. Thus from the beautiful scene I see a gleam of the light that is to come—a touch of the Master Artist.

X-10-'08.

AN UNUSUAL SUNSET

It had been one of those long, long rainy days that come to us sometimes in the midst of our beautiful spring seasons. The heavy rain clouds had hung so thick and low for hours that even the piercing sun could not penetrate them and darkness seemed to be settling over the landscape before evening had fully come. But suddenly, just before the sun had run its full day's course, there was a rift in the dark clouds and the clear, soft, azure of the sky, stole calmly thru the heavy curtain and the "day-star" broke forth once more as tho he were embracing a last opportunity. Every blade of grass on the tender green hillside before me and every leaflet on the great, green trees that adorned it, still wore a bright jewel from the late rain and together they formed a sparkling sea, all bathed in the magic power of light. But clearest and brightest and fairest of all, just at the top of the hill, stood one bright, sparkling, trembling poplar tree, the sun's full, last rays upon it, every leaf aquiver, every quiver a diamond. Whether it was the tender young green of the soft, bright sheen of the poplar leaves, or whether it was the trembling, clinging rain-drops or the contrast and relief after the heavy shower, or whether it was the sun's bright glow over all, or the golden rim of the dark clouds that encircled the tender blue, or whether it was the force of all these put together that made this scene such a strikingly beautiful one, I have never been quit able to say; but surely such a strange tho such a brief splendor I have never seen before or since.

ONLY AN ELM TREE

This elm stands alone in its stately pride a graceful product of Nature's genius. To one side of it the country road climbs slowly up to a gentle knoll, while to the other, it winds gracefully from out of the thick shadows of a deep, neighboring forest. Just cross the dusty road, where the trembling, shifting shadows of the tree are ever at play with the grass and pebbles, a green, wooded pasture rises with rapid strides to an overlooking hill. Opposite to this a great field of tall grain emerges suddenly from out the surrounding woodland, so that, from wherever it is approached, this gigantic country elm comes upon the traveler suddenly, fully, and as a complete surprise. This probably accounts for its universal favor.

As we come from the woods we suddenly stop short. What a beautiful tree that is! How unusually large and graceful it appears from the distance. Surely only an elm could assume such size and form in central Minnesota. We draw nearer. Yes, it is an elm; its gigantic outlines and stately bearing prove that; besides, its every branch has that graceful arch, that playful droop, and that majestic sway that is suggestive, tho not symbolic, of dreamful ease.

We are under the tree now, resting in its grateful shade and gazing up into it. What a sturdy trunk it has and how nobly it supports its deep, dark cloud! Myriads of laughing leaves are softly "clapping their hands" at thot of furnishing shelter to a band of tired travelers; and their rustle and the branches' gentle sway is lulling a nest of young robins to sleep. Farther out, almost at the extreme tip of a huge branch, an

oriole's nest is suspended under the warm, quiet wings of the mother bird; while far away in the forest we hear the mate's enchanting notes.

"He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best"?

Up, up, up we gaze, beyond the branches that reach the arch, through a small gap in the thick foliage, to the drowsy blue of the June sky and the downy white clouds that sail across it. And now we feel a vague harmony between Nature's highest station and the majestic shelterer under which we have taken refuge. Softer and more meaningly blows the breeze, and lo! listen! the leaves are speaking:

"Ye wonder, gentle dreamers, why only a tree can be so stately and self-poised; while poor humanity struggles so vainly for these virtues. But we are the children of One who never hurries, or frets, or worries what the morrow will bring forth; One who minds not winter's snows or summer's heat, nor withers in the times of drouth; One who **TAKES** time to become that for which God intended him."



DESCRIPTIVE SENTENCES

1. A Child's Prayer.

As I think of that gentle child now, I see her again as she lay there, with her earnest little face against the white pillow, the gray eyes closed softly, the rosy lips moving quietly and two white hands clasped reverently upon the cover.

2. Human Homes (?)

In those wretched riverside hovels, low and damp and sunless and dirty, human souls are struggling toward eternity.

3. A Jarring Sound.

A sharp, shrill whistle from an on-rushing locomotive, jars the solitary silence.

4. Evening.

Night hovered o'er the arching trees and all the world was wrapped in stillness and in stars.

5. When Nature Speaks.

The shining clouds parted against the heights of the azure arch; from out their golden edges a mellow moon paled earthward; myriads of speaking stars all sent their glowing radiance toward her; earth seemed to fade from my benumbed senses; I thot I saw the face of my Creator, calm, pure, pitying, looking down upon His erring child.

6. The Foundry.

Unstable as a human heart, the flames of a distant foundry leap and die.

7. A River.

Turbulent and unceasing as a deathless soul, the river flows on thru the ages.

8. A Passion.

Love, in her, was like fragrance in a flower, never dying until death.

9. A Professor.

In his noble soul there lurks not a mean or selfish thot, and in his large, warm heart there is room and shelter for us all.

10. Dawn.

A gush of warbling voices, a flood of rosy splendor, a thrill of life and beauty called forth my sleeping soul.



TRYING TO SLEEP

Drip-drop-drip-drop-drop! Drip, drip, drip, drip-drop drop-d-r-o-p! Thus the long night began. The room was dark and I, trying to go to sleep, had not noticed that a steady communication had taken place between the roof of the house and that of the bay-window just outside, by means of heavy drops of released snow. Now the ceaseless repetition of the dull sounds seemed to me like a dreary, irritating monotony to which I must firmly close my ears if I wished to accomplish anything the next day.

Drip-drop-drip-drop-drop! Drip, drip, drip, drip-drop drop-d-r-o-p! "Isn't it ever going to stop?" My sister, whom I had thot asleep, started up suddenly. Her sensitive ear and deep love of music evidently made her a deeper sufferer than I was. I laughed at the exclamation. I could not help it. It was so sudden and so decided.

Drip-drop-drip-drop-drip-drop-drip-drop! Drip-drip-drip drip-drop-d-r-o-p! The rain pattered on in what seemed to me to be regular, almost rythmical, tho irritatingly monotonous repetition. The night wore on. The dripping continued. We grew more impatient. But gradually the very monotony, which had so irritated us, wearied us. We knew that we could not stop it. We decided to endure it as best we could by firmly closing our ears against it. Gradually sleep came on. Perhaps the ceaseless repetition without made it all the deeper and more refreshing. We could not tell. We only knew that when we were next awakened by the same repeated sound it was a warm, wet, winter morning and all the earth seemed flooded with the collected drops that the night had sent forth.

THE HEART OF FRIENDSHIP

Winifred never quite understood why her old passion should have returned to her, that quiet Sunday afternoon with such an overwhelming power and force. She had fought it long and bravely; she had not felt its worst pangs for weeks; she had deemed it almost conquered. And now it returned, on that peaceful autumn day, with a sudden tenacity that almost seemed to mock the still, calm beauty without. Perhaps she was homesick; perhaps she was only tired. She did not know. She only knew that again she was

Longing, longing, longing,
For the gentle caress of a hand;
For the only human being
That could always understand;
For the sympathy without measure;
For the candor, unmarred by blame;
For the earnest advice of a loving heart
That bled when hers was in pain.

For some minutes she struggled with her first great love, troubled, perplexed, baffled. What did it mean, this ever-returning passion? She had thought that only great souls were capable of a really great love; and here she was, tormented day and night, waking and sleeping, by the wild, all-absorbing passion for a friend, a former teacher, who, because of her marriage, had been obliged to leave her dependent charge behind, in the large, unsympathizing school.

Jonathan his David had,
And Tennyson his Hallam;

Why should not truest womanhood
Give her first love to woman?

Winifred turned from her little window and walked hastily down the long hall of the dormitory to the room of her teacher in charge of her floor.

"I want to go away this afternoon," she said compellingly as she turned to add her name to the long list of girls who had already asked for similar permission.

Miss Chase looked at her in mute surprise. "Where is it that you want to go, my dear?" she inquired kindly.

There was a wild, questioning stare in the girl's blue eyes as she mutely pointed at the last address on the list. Could no one guess her wild longing; no one sympathize; no one, no one understand without being told? With one sudden passionate cry Winifred threw her arms about the astonished Miss Chase's neck and wept and trembled like a frightened child. It was some minutes before she had sufficiently regained her composure to return to her little room and there, in its waiting seclusion, to struggle for the mastery of her emotions.

But her yearning to see her idol did not diminish with her slackening tears. With trembling fingers she attached her best collar to her waist and fastened her new belt in place. Then, with a sudden, dark realization, she threw them both aside again, murmuring as she did so, "It is useless, worse than useless. She won't be home on such a beautiful day as this. And if she is, her husband'll be there too, and intrusion in her company would be worse than not seeing her at all."

For some minutes she paced her room madly. Then she snatched her hat and coat from her closet, armed herself with a volume of her favorite poems, and ran out into the autumn afternoon, far, far away, where only Nature could witness her distress. At length she sat down to rest against the trunk of a tree in a large neighboring apple orchard. She opened her

book, but only stared vacantly at its pages. At length the sound of nearing voices roused her. Again she started to her feet; again she walked madly on. Away, away, she knew not whither, she cared not; but only away from prying eyes and unsympathizing criticism! Along solitary country roads, thru dark underbrush, among falling autumn leaves she wandered, until at last complete exhaustion urged her to turn her feet in the direction of the dormitory once more. Tired, unspeakably tired as she was, rest seemed a boon at last and even sleep a welcome possibility. Throwing herself upon her little bed, this blessed relief soon came and sweet oblivion stole over her surging soul!

How long she lay there thus she knew not. Suddenly she was startled by the mention of her name, and that by a voice as sweet, and as melodious as only one could sound to her! She started; she sprang from her bed; she ran madly down the long hall! Yes, it had not been mistaken! In another minute she was clasped close in the caressing arms of her faithful friend. How she got there, or what she did, or why the object of her mad love had come just then she never knew, she never inquired.

"My child, my child, what has happened? What is the matter? Will you not let me see your face?" the gentle voice spoke soothingly.

But the bowed head did not raise itself; the quivering form did not cease to tremble.

"Perhaps she does not want you to see her face," Miss Chase ventured to say, as she watched the little scene with moist eyes. It was evident that she was thinking of the flood of tears of a few hours ago. Then slowly the glowing face bared itself, and the soul of the beaming girl sought that of her friend thru, large, tearless, lovelit eyes.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

They tell me that I was born in the little Minnesota town of Young America, so long ago that it's no wonder that I don't remember anything about it; and since this last, at least, is really true, I suppose I'll have to believe them the rest. By "them" I mean my own father and mother, for mine is not at all a romantic existence, and I was brot up quite naturally in a perfectly ordinary home among perfectly ordinary surroundings and with about the ordinary number of brothers and sisters—two of each. They, my parents, tell me furthermore that before I was quite three years old, they saw fit to move to a distant part of our little county, and, for some reason or other—I can't recall why just now—I must have followed them for I've lived with them ever since. That must be how it happened that I first came to the beautiful little village of Carver, which I am still so proud to call my home, and where I am planning eagerly to spend my old age.

Carver, as I have already indicated, is a quiet little village nest, tucked away along the winding banks of the cloudy Minnesota, with soft green hills spreading into hazy distances on either side, and wide, sunny meadows lying lazily between. Here, at the side of one of these hills, I got my first real peeps into the big, bright world about me, from out the little old-fashioned windows of the little old-fashioned house that stood comfortably midst the big rosebushes and evergreens to the front of it, and the generous plum trees and berry bushes to the back. Here my childish fancy made its first acquaintance with the queer little old woman and her dear, imaginary daughter, who dwelt in the back of the shed or in the farthest

recesses of the romantic old straw-stack at the end of the garden. Here I first heard my father read the little German stories to his anxious flock, from whom childish shouts and tears broke by rapid turns. Here it was that I first watched the big snow-flakes fall and the deep stars glow and the soft grass grow greener on the hillsides with a childish ecstasy and joy that, even then, was usually too deep for words. Here, too, my sister told me that there was a big wonderful God in heaven who could do anything He pleased and who had made everything in the wide world, even the little brown acorns and the big white fleecy clouds and the house in which we lived and "mama and papa and us."

When I was about five years old I was suddenly informed that to-morrow morning I would be going off to Kindergarten and I remember sitting back in my little chair and wondering what the new work would be like and thinking what a break it would make in my life. The next morning my father took my two younger brothers and myself to the little town hall where the teacher was awaiting us; and for the next few months life seemed indeed a wonderful thing to us all; for, besides all the other wonders of the Kindergarten, we, for the first time in our lives, heard and talked English. Just what we sometimes understood our little playmates to say and how we usually talked to them, I'm sure I'd be interested in knowing now, but all I do know, is that we learned the new language and retained the old with as little effort as it now takes for us to write our own names; and, however some people may regard the question of American-born foreigners learning their MOTHER'S tongue first, I'm grateful that I've had the privilege of learning two languages thus readily.

Thus the happy months slipped by and one fine, spring morning we all left the little, brown house behind us and moved into another and larger one, to the great regret of my

brothers and myself, for our new home had no plums or berries or straw-stacks. But gradually the big, brick house and the large comfortable shade trees and the high hill with its wide paths and inviting rustic seats won our complete respect and now there is no place on the face of the earth that is dearer to any of us than "Hilldale," our home. The things that stand out most clearly to me in the years between six and twelve or fourteen are the German stories that father read to us on winter evenings, the great festivities of Christmas and Easter and, of course, the long, long rambles into the woods and across the fields in summer time. I was a regular "Tomboy" in those days. Nothing was too hard or too boyish for me to undertake. I ransacked the woods for nuts and berries, climbed trees, fished, and did everything else that kept me out-of-doors and away from the critical eyes of mother, who believed that girls must be domestic and never do anything that appealed especially to boys. Once I caught a huge dog-fish and was much disappointed to hear that such creatures were good for nothing in the wide world but to get into the way of better game. Once I nearly got lost in a tall grain field which towered unmercifully above my head, but it never fazed me in the least, except that I wanted to go berrying worse than ever the following day. At another time I convinced my brother that, since we had filled our baskets, it was perfectly proper for us to take off our stockings and put all the remaining plums we could find into them, as mother would probably wash the plums before using them, but I could never quite understand what became of them, as I saw nothing of the plum-butter. One time my two brothers and I even went so far as to come within one of drowning our younger sister—not that we actually planned to do so, but of course, fishing was so much more important than baby tending that it would have been quite proper for us to attend to the former matter

rather than the latter. Again, we allowed the poor child to get into a nest of wasps and were tickled not to get as badly stung as she did. We were a wild set—we three—and I was always a ring-leader, in all that was wildest, and yet, for all that, I think the deep wonder and grand beauty of our rustic surroundings made a firmer, deeper impression on me than all the girlish fun and all of the boyish pranks the great world had to offer. Yes, I think I can safely say that the things which impressed me most deeply in childhood, still have the deepest influence over me to this day—nature, poetry and religion.

At school I usually showed the more quiet side of my nature—at least whenever I had a teacher for whom I had any respect. I loved my work and the school-room atmosphere; I idealized my teachers very easily for I had an idea that they had somehow dropped from the sky, and when one of them once mentioned the fact that she had a younger sister at home I couldn't get over the idea for days. Why! did teachers have sisters? Who would have thought so? On the whole, my work was very easy for me though I never belonged to the class who could get their lessons without application, and it was the latter that I really enjoyed, except in spelling, where it did absolutely no good. But I was a very sensitive child, so much so, that I imagined every time a teacher kept me after school to master some detestable spelling lesson, the whole community must know it and I was so ashamed of the disgraceful fact that I would tear wildly through all the back allies the town had, splash heedlessly through the little brook at the back of the village where no one would be likely to see me, then race up the perpendicular hill that led to our home, and then through some more allies and cattle yards, until, almost ready to drop with exhaustion, I would enter the kitchen about as soon as my brothers who had sauntered leisurely home along the ordinary paths. Very tense, indeed, were some of those

days and all on account of this useless sensitiveness which I'm afraid to say, I haven't quite mastered yet. But on the whole my school days were very pleasant ones to me, and I was never so unhappy as when I was obliged to miss a day or two.

By the time I reached the seventh grade I had a teacher who was very fond of all good literature. He used to spend hours over a few lines of SNOW BOUND or EVANGELINE or THE CHAMBERED NAUTILIS, and never, until I reached the university was I quite so deeply inspired by the real worth of true literature as thru this simple man who knew almost nothing of English Literature himself and was therefore obliged to keep to the American. I, even now, feel deeply grateful to this man, who, I believe, awakened within me a bent of my nature that could not be awakened too early. At about this time, too, and partly thru this same man my religious nature was more fully awakened. Until now I had been filled earnestly with the belief my sister had so early implanted within me, that God had made everything and could do anything he pleased. Now the questions of dogma began to trouble me seriously and I spent many and many a night trying to read in the faces of the eternal stars the riddles of creation and salvation; and it is to the stars that I still love to go when confronted with questions of that sort.

However, it was not until I had finally finished the grades that these deeper problems took vital hold of me and then they nearly upset me completely for a time. My mother felt that I ought to learn to sew, as I had always had a fondness for fine clothes and for needlework. Accordingly, at the age of sixteen, I was put into a dressmaker's shop where, as Eleanor would say, "I lost my health and became a socialist, neither of which I realized at the time." I stayed in this place for over a year with but very few vacations between. During that time I met people who, to my great surprise, actually seemed

to enjoy talking all day about their "fellers," and who, worse still, seemed to enjoy the company of these individuals at the most unheard of hours of the day and night. I do not think that I condemned these people, even in my heart of hearts for that they were generous, industrious and well-meaning; I could see that on the very surface of things; but somehow, they were so different. The few books I did read did not in the least appeal to them; the poetry I memorized by the mile meant absolutely nothing to them; and the stars I almost worshipped, they scarcely saw. I could not understand them at all and, still less, I believe, they understood me. Yet, to some extent we learned to love each other and, as I look back now, I believe these simple girls did me a great deal of good, for they have given me a deeper understanding and a broader sympathy for people of their type than anyone or anything else could have done.

Once I had left the sewing shop, the real struggle with loneliness and inner conflict began, and gripped me as nothing had done before. Mother and father wanted me to stay at home while my older sister was out of town at high school. Being naturally of a reflecting type of mind, and having an inborn craving for an education, this somewhat monastic existence naturally did me a great deal of harm, especially as I saw no means of ever getting the education I longed for. However, after a time, my father saw how extremely unhappy I was and he insisted on my taking a trip to Germany with my mother, to compensate as much as possible for the High School training I had lost. This trip, much as I opposed it at first, proved to be the turning point of my life, for when I returned the way was seen clear to send me to the agricultural school where I received my secondary training.

Here the new life and new hope was almost too much for me at times and the physical self, which I had so impaired in

the sewing shop and afterward, often threatened to forsake me entirely. However, the new friends which I soon found in the form of several of my teachers whom I idealized so madly, gradually helped me back to normal ways of thinking and acting; and by the time I left the school I was told that I was at least ten years younger than when I had first entered it. How true this may or may not have been others can, perhaps, judge more fairly than I, but I do know that the school whose work I never liked, from the point of view of subject-matter only. However, it did me an immense amount of good; tho I never considered it as anything but a means to an end, a pathway leading to an institution of higher and better opportunities. After I had finished its three-year course and the year of graduate work it takes to enter the University, I came, full of expectation and hope, to that institution and here I still am. What the ups and downs have been here I will leave to others to tell and to imagine.

1-6,-'14.

WHAT IS LIFE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY?

What is life in the twentieth century?
"Work and worry, work and worry,
Everybody in a hurry."

Often even before the gray dawn steals into our window we are ruthlessly startled by the sudden rattle of our neighbor's alarm. We groan to think that a new day has begun almost before we really felt that the last was completed. However, we make a new start with the vain hope of doing better today than yesterday. We gulp down a half-cooked breakfast, very often while we are putting the finishing touches to our toilet. We dash out into the new day, some of us to the work-shop, some to the factory, some to the office, some to the field, and others to the class-room, most of us leaving the entire care of the innumerable household duties to one pair of tired hands. Some of us rush back at noon with the expectation of finding everything ready, in order that we may eat a hurried dinner and start off again; most of us have "no time" for this, so we take our lunches at some poor restaurant or eat the cold ones we threw together in the morning. Then the rush of the afternoon begins. It is much the same as it was in the morning, only we are more tired now and we are laboring under a greater strain. Evening comes and then night, but we can not think of rest yet. By the bright glare of the gas lamp we go to our books or evening papers, or, perhaps, we are allowewd the privilege of a lecture, or the theater, or a party, or just a visit to some friend. Whatever it is, we must not let it take too long,

or talk about it too much, or reflect on it too long, for tomorrow is another day of work and we dare not waste the brief hours of the night for the things which the day has forbidden us to indulge in. We must go to sleep and "sleep fast" so tomorrow's work will not be interferred with.

The world rushes on. Sunday comes. We long for rest; we need it so. But the sound of the church bell or the ever-moving hands of the clock tell us of new duties as well as new privileges. We enjoy church in the morning and we might remember some of the sermons, if it were not immediately followed by Sunday school and then, with a few hours' intermission, by Vesper Service, Christian Endeavor, and evening services. Of course, we need not, and seldom do, attend all of these things, but when we do not, we always feel as tho we were missing something that is rightly ours.

Where do we get time to reflect on the real, the vital issues of life? When can we write to our dearest friends? How are we going to find time to visit the sick and the dependent? Days become weeks and weeks months; and still we neglect the little things that we really want to do more than anything else. Is is a wonder that we find

"All the old-time love forgotten
In the price of corn and cotton?"

What will it lead to? This generation is weak and nervous enough. What will the next be? I dare not take time to think for the hour is up and I must hurry on into the next thing.

WHEN NATURE SPEAKS

Hush! Hark! Come, step softly to the window and look and listen and inhale! For the rain has ceased to fall; the clouds have sped from the heavens; the young summer is at her purest and her best. Do you see that rich dark hill where the robins are searching for worms? Do you note those tall trees and tiny flowers all laughing with new life and new joy? Does your heart throb and thrill with that trembling, jewel-bathed poplar, just at the top of the hill? Do you not wonder how those sinking sunbeams can caress so tenderly those shining, quivering leaves and how that dying "day star" can shed such a halo over this dusky earth?

Ah! but hush, listen I say! Do you not hear? A few heavy raindrops are still dripping from the laden leaves and tiny leaflets. In a far-off meadow frogs pipe and crickets chirp cheerily. And then, there is that poor, homely little sparrow. Even he peeps contentedly today! But hush! Still! Listen again! High, high up in those airy, leafy treetops a whole score of happy songsters have joined in one glad, exultant chorus. There is a twittering and a thrilling; there is a wild, maddening harmony; there is music, heaven-born music, such as only Nature can yield! Be still, O my heart, and listen and let thy joy be as pure as this!

Again pause, O poor, house-bound human prisoner! Open up thy breast! Open wide thy tired breast! Inhale the great gift of Nature, the calm, sweet, life-giving

atmosphere. For the earth hath been purified now, hath been purged of all its dust and its dirt and its danger; and nothing is borne on that still west breeze, but the faint scent of the first wild rose and the lingering fragrance of the orchard blossoms!

Only a rich, green hill, with a few rain-laden trees on its bosom! Only a tremendous poplar and the sinking sunlight behind it! Only a chorus of joy, with the fragrance of flowers to enhance it, and yet, dost thou quiver so, O feeble human breast! Be still, O my heart! Be still, O my soul! Knowest thou not that even while thou seeest, even while thou hearest, thou art praying, art softly whispering into the listening ear of the tender Father.



CULTURE AND EDUCATION

Education is the development of all the faculties of man to their highest degree of efficiency. Culture is the discipline of all the powers of man to their highest degree of refinement. Education aims to make men useful; culture aims to make them useful and refined. Education, broadens; culture broadens and sweetens. Education strengthens; culture strengthens and beautifies.

All who are truly cultured are educated; but not all who are educated can be said to be truly cultured. There are people who seem to know everything there is to know. Whether you ask them to recite a poem, or give a date in history, or demonstrate a theorem in mathematics, or explain a law in science, they always respond with perfect self-confidence. They know, and they "know that they know." They are educated. There are others who go about their daily tasks modestly and quietly; who never laugh too loudly or eat too rapidly; who have their speech and their manner in perfect control. When you ask them a question they answer with just as much accuracy, but with less display of self-confidence than these so-called "educated" people. Yet certainly they are educated too; but they are not merely educated. They are cultured. Usually we admire the first class for their accomplishments; very often, when they are too self-confident, we almost despise them. As for the second class, we always admire them for what they know; but usually we do more, we love them for the way in which they make use of their knowledge.

Education, then, is a stepping-stone toward culture; culture embraces education. Education works hard and often laboriously in order to obtain her end; culture

works diligently and quietly, but she "gets there" just the same. Education strives to make men and women; culture is not satisfied until she has made gentlemen and ladies.

•••••

UNITY OF SOUL

I found a soul the other night,
A soul so wondrous fair;
I trembled when to my dull eyes
She laid her jewels bare.

So poor and meagre had she seemed
In her cold cloak of clay,
That almost I had passed her by
Upon my hurried way.

She lifted timidly and slow
The cloak's dull curtain fold,
And lo, beneath that mortal husk
Lay pure immortal gold.

And warm and radiant was the light
That gleamed forth from her eyes,
Each that she uttered was to me
A beautiful surprise.

And one by one as stars come out
I watched those thots unfold,
And slowly gave my inmost self,
I could no more withhold.

And now that soul is knit with mine,
We twain to one have grown;
I tremble I so nearly lost
What is so all mine own.

THE SABBATH

"The Sabbath is a golden clasp which binds together the volume of the week," so at least the poet Longfellow defined it. And was he not right in so doing? When Saturday night finally comes, with its delightful feeling of relaxation, do we not truly feel that another "volume" lies behind us?—a volume of work and hurry and disappointment, of pleasure and happiness and gratitude. Indeed, sometimes, in our busy college lives we are dashed thru so much in a single week that, when its end finally comes, it seems almost a month ago since we were last at church, so vague has become the impressive sermon of six short days ago. There are our inevitable daily classes, there are new faces and names to keep in mind, there are the many little home duties from which we would not escape if we could, there are the college associations that want attention, there are the letters to write, endless letters, there are lessons, lessons, lessons.

Then thru the strife and hurry and turmoil of it all, comes the Sabbath, quietly, gently, smilingly, like a great releaser of some heavy pressure, like the soothing touch of a gentle comforter, like a sweet messenger of peace from another land. There is no hurry in her footsteps, there is no restlessness in her manner, there is no discord in her voice of praise, for she is the "sabbath of the Lord, our God." At her gentle approach the whole earth stops short to "come apart and rest awhile." The busy wheels of labor stop the restless hum, the plowshare remains in its furrow, the sound of the school bell is not heard. Everywhere people are gathering together in little groups to praise and worship God for their safe guidance for another

week. For no matter what has taken place thruout that week, it is gone, never to return; it is another volume laid away on the dusty shelves of the past, and the quiet Sabbath has come to "bind" it firmly together with its beautiful "golden clasp," the clasp of peace.



THE TEMPTATIONS

"In those days came John the Baptist preaching in the Wilderness of Judea, saying: 'Repent ye, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand'." Matt. 3: 1-2.

What a dramatic picture and how simply and boldly it is painted against the heavy background of Jewish prophecy and the gradual awakening of national consciousness to a kingdom "not of this world." Unflinchingly, unsparingly the simple orator hurls his most withering denunciations at a "generation of vipers," warned even against its own wish of an inevitable "wrath to come."

Spurred by a fear as yet undefined; beckoned by a hope still standing afar off; the crowd, almost unconscious of itself, gathers with amazing rapidity and the obscure prophet leaps with one bound into the forefront of national activity.

The publican, his pockets bulging with unjust gains; the soldier, the exponent of mere material force; the Pharisee and Sadducee, but yesterday so self-satisfied and self-secure; all are there with the same helpless question: "What must I do to be saved?" Yes, and there too, is the traitor, coming in avowed meekness to be baptised, and sneaking out in unexpressed hatred to inform Herod of the plain spoken justice which spared not even the king. Countless peasants, too, must have been there, and a few of the true and trusting ones from all classes, who, in their simple faith and keen spiritual insight, represented the backbone of all Israel; Yes, and many, many women and countless faithfilled children doubtless swelled the throng at every hour. A strange crowd they must have been indeed, a crowd which, but for the holy purpose

which had been strong enough to call them all forth, might easily have become a mob.

The stern work of the prophet grew sterner, the stinging rebukes more stinging and still the fearless accused remain unacused. Fascinated by they knew not what, the vast throng takes its keen denunciation—waiting, deliberating, questioning, unconsciously welded by this simple seer into something of a national unit; yet so steeped in doubt, in doctrine, in dogma; so completely “in the wilderness” of moral that not even the great preacher himself sees, immediately, the great truth he is proclaiming, now concretely brot before him, in the Christ of Godly conception, made comprehensible to human that in human form thru the man Jesus.

And he, the obscure son of the Galilean carpenter, how long had he stood there unknown and unnoticed? What indomitable force was it that lured him out of his secure obscurity into the hazardous publicity of the long expected King of kings? What was it he saw in that strange, yielding, yet unyielding mass so anxious and earnest, so material and yet so spiritual? Records fail us at this point. All we know is that something in that impressive hour made him feel that he, too, needs must yield to the “Baptism of Repentance” which in that hour was virtually a “confession of sins.” And as the simple ceremony impressed itself upon him in all its rich symbolism, the great gates of eternal harmony, of man’s unbroken, unblotted oneness with his Maker were suddenly swung wide open, he glimpsed in one brief moment, not only His own true selfhood—**HIS CHRISTHOOD**, but the true, unchanged and unchanging manhood of all that vast multitude, and many unseen, vaster multitudes that encircled the whole globe; yea, that stretched backward into the very dawn of mortal history and forward into the farthest limits of time.

And as that keen, pure, spiritual understanding suddenly so clearly revealed itself to Him, that speedily resolved itself into a dove-like bodily form and thus descended upon Him as the symbol of peace and purity, the Holy Ghost.

* But much as he loved the multitude, he must not tarry there now. Indeed, His newborn insight into the great work before Him was too keen for him not to see that he must have some time in which to reflect, to commune alone with the ever-present Father, about whose "business" he so soon must be. It was the very clearness of his perception, this "Spirit" (of understanding), that led him into the tangled "wilderness" of mortal thot. For, had he not heard clearly the voice of his Father, the Divine Principle of all Being, saying: "This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased?"

He, the plain carpenter's son from the little village of Nazareth, the very Son of God Himself! "How could these things be!" That they WERE he KNEW, for he had seen and heard with the undeniable clearness of pure, spiritual perception. But HOW could they be, and what did it all mean? He must withdraw for a time from the multitude he loved, shut out so far as possible every hampering suggestion, and, in the quiet of his own thot, seek to commune with the omnipotent God for whom his countrymen had sought since the very birth of time, sought, indeed, so diligently that, even now, their own search was bringing them face to face with the Supreme Object of their long seeking. And his own thot, just what must it have been at this time? On the one hand was the clear spiritual vision that, because of its very clearness, bore the stamp of conviction, of understanding; on the other were thirty years of mortal thot, mortal associations, mortal suggestions; and, tho perhaps the strongest force of his life so far had been the holy influence of a pure-minded, spiritually-blessed mother and a quiet, unworldly Hebrew home very

largely molded by that mother, yet there were none the less—thirty years of thinking in terms of a physical body, of houses and lands, of food and clothing; in short, of material as well as spiritual needs. Indeed, it was the "Holy Ghost," the complete understanding of the simple facts of Immortal Being so recently and so fully glimpsed, that confronted now the mortal thot and habit that had, all these years, seemed so obvious and so essential and produced now the inevitable confusion, always produced when mortal and spiritual testimony clamor for a hearing at the same time.

For forty days, we are told, he was "tempted" thus in the "wilderness," the confusion of his own troubled consciousness; "tempted by the devil," the mortal thot not yet overcome and eliminated. But "God is not tempted with evil, neither tempteth He any man." No it was not the Christ, the Spirit of Truth, that was tempted, "neither indeed could be," but it was the Christ that "led" the human Jesus into this confusion of thot by showing to him a higher, better thot and He would continue to lead him until He led him safely out.

How severe the struggle was; how fiercely mortal mind sought to re-establish itself; how tenaciously mortal impressions must have clung we cannot know, we can only estimate by our own lesser struggles and by the knowledge that for forty long days even the thot of food was forgotten, and surely there could have been no rest under such circumstances.

There, on the one hand, was the great throbbing mass, eager, anxious, expectant—rising ever before his mortal vision, with all its mortal needs and mortal aspirations; on the other hand, the pure, calm, perfect manhood that "maketh no haste." On the one hand, sick, sinful, suffering humanity; on the other, sinless, calm and harmonious bliss. On the one hand, an anxious mortality waiting to establish an earthly kingdom and earthly splendor, and yet with divine omnipo-

tence at its command; on the other, a divine revelation, the eternal Christhood self-recognized, the long-looked-for fulfillment of a prophecy as ancient as Hebrew history. In a word, the long expected coming in a totally unexpected way.

How was he to make it all clear to them; he, the simple, obscure carpenter's son? How indeed, would they take it if he could succeed in making them understand? The question was beset by fears. But it was the Spirit that had led him thither, and still the Spirit continued to lead him. Gradually his thoughts became clearer, calmer. Gradually he realized with ever growing clearness that the "Father" whose "Son" He was, was not the great super-man devised by Jewish theology and springing from the ever growing spiritual hunger of humanity; but the living, loving, governing power of the universe; a universe planned and orderly. But plan and order express intelligence; and intelligence is wholly of Mind; and the Mind which directs and governs the whole universe must be omnipotent as well as omniscient. But since there can be but one Omnipotence and that is mental, all true power must be mental; and if He, the Christ, was the son of that mentality, the idea of that one omnipotent Mind, surely He, too, must have the power of accomplishing all things mentally. He had but to speak the word and the deed would be accomplished. Since all was mental there could be no limit to anything, as Infinite Mind could know no limitation and would resolve that into things just as quickly as such things were needful. Yes, He whom God Himself had declared His Son, He could surely go forth to conquer and not be conquered. Surely He had nothing to fear!

Was the great struggle ended? Was the great problem solved? For forty days He had lived sufficiently above mortal sense not to require material food. Surely He WAS ready for

the great work he had demonstrated to Himself that the voice He had heard was the voice of Truth.

But what was the first thing he encountered at the end of those forty memorable days? Physical hunger. He, the Son of God, Spirit, longed for material food! "Strange," he doubtless must have thought. But then, what difference did it make? Supposing there were no food at hand, had he not just learned that that's are things? Here was his opportunity. He would simply take one of the stones that lay beside him and, with the omnipotence surely granted the Son of God, command that it be made into bread. The process would be simple and an obvious one, and at the same time he would thus concretely prove to himself that the knowledge so recently gained was indeed of Truth. Surely there could be no harm in that, especially when the need was such an obvious one?

Clearly, distinctly came the voice of Truth, and the ministering Angel that whispered to him supplied the nobler thought which indeed was life-sustaining. "If you are truly the Son of God, Spirit, what need have you of material food. Cannot Spirit sustain you? Will not the Word of God be to you the bread of life, the life you have proved to be mental, not physical? 'Man must not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.'

No, he would not stoop to supply his own physical need, even though he felt he could. He would be at once "about his Father's business." He would gather under the protecting wings of Spirit the great anxious throngs waiting for such deliverance. But, the way in which he would do it—it was not quite clear to him yet. He wanted to do it as the Father would wish it done, but surely he would have to appeal to humanity on a human basis? Given all power of God Himself, he must use it wisely. He could not meet their mortality, their utter materiality, spiritually; that would not be common

sense. He must make known to them his spiritual mission in a way comprehensible to them, and what could they grasp more quickly, more completely than a sudden triumphal march into the great "kingdoms of this world." God would furnish him his hosts and he would lead a truly royal procession to take complete kingly possession of all that was truly worth while and annihilate at one stroke all the hosts of darkness. All was doubtless his. It remained but for him to take it in a sensible, logical manner that would be at once complete and convincing. How simple it all was! Why had he not seen it before?

But this time the angel that came spoke more sternly. "Is that God's way of doing things?" "Is that a spiritual victory you are trying to win, or is it mere personal glory you seek? "Get thee behind me, mortal thought and mortal counsel, for the Book of Life" says 'Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve."

Was he quenched, the evil councilor? Was he abashed, the subtle deceiver? Ah, no, there remained yet the keenest, the subtlest temptation of all. "Surely" whispered mortal mind "you must see that if you intend to show your divine mission in the world, the best and only sensible place to introduce yourself is in the temple where God has ever shown Himself to His very elect. There among the priests and rabbis you will surely gain quickest and surest recognition. Show yourself to them in some new and wholly different way than any they had ever seen and they will proclaim you at once "King of kings" and "Lord of Lords." You as God's Son are wholly spiritual and can come and go wholly as you please. Go to the extreme pinnacle of the temple and cast yourself down. You know you have been promised safe delivery, for "He will give his angels charge over thee, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." Again the material in

place of the spiritual, the spectacular in place of the unobtrusive. But it was the last assault that day. Clearly the angel whispered "That is not God's way; that could never usher in a spiritual kingdom" and the Biblical reply is "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."

It was no use. Mortal arguments could not prevail in a mentality so largely governed by spiritual understanding. Truth once clearly apprehended, was stronger than any and all error. The struggle had been a severe one, but now "when the devil had ended all the temptations, he departed from him FOR A SEASON."

Was the struggle ended forever? Had all mortal thot, all materiality, all error been wholly overcome? If it had would there have been any of the human Jesus left? Would not the divine Christ have overcome then and there all that was left of the fleshy, mortal man and at once transported him into the realms of pure spirit? Surely the ascension would have been inevitable, for one wholly spiritual could not have retained a material, mortal form subject to the infirmities of the flesh. All the laws of spirit would deny such a possibility.

No, there was much left to do, much of understanding to gain, much of temptation to resist and what was more, it could not be done in a moment, or in an hour or in a single demonstration. Suffering humanity required many proofs of mind's supremacy over matter, many triumphs of Truth over error before it could understand even very vaguely its wholly mental origin and ultimate destination, its true relationship to God. Slowly, one by one, must he master all the difficult problems. Slowly spiritual understanding must supplant material confusion, slowly this understanding must be brot to bear on all human problems and result in ever newer and greater demonstrations, until at last even death

and the grave are proved to be but a mortal belief and the risen Christ stands before us wholly triumphant—wholly spiritual—and the true man, the man of God's conception and reflection is revealed in His true Selfhood against which no power can prevail.

FALL, 1918.



WHAT IS MOST WORTH WHILE

What is most worth while! What a multitude of answers I hear! What a multitude of human voices all trying to solve that self-same, momentous question of the ages, "What is most worth while?" But many and varied as are the voices, so varied and so many are also the answers. I hear an incessant clamoring for wealth, for power, for ability, for fame; but alas! all these things, how selfish, how uncertain, how vain they are! Surely there must be something better, something more "worth while." High above the tumult I hear a voice, a voice low and gentle and reassuring, a voice that whispers, "The things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."

For the things which are "not seen," then, let us strive. The things which are lowly, the things which are spiritual, the things which are eternal; for the faith that vanisheth not in the darkness, for the hope that illumineth the darkest night, for the love that "casteth out all fear," for that perfect peace that "passeth all understanding" and which the "world can neither give nor take away."

INDEX TO TITLES

Alone	48
All Day It Rained	57
American Goldfish, The	39
Among the Hills of Carver	58
An Mein Geliebten	121
Armageddon	128
Aunty	143
Autobiography, An	162
Autumn Landscape, An	152
Ballad of the Fisher's Boy	96
Ballad of the Trees and the Master, A	53
Battle of Life, The	26
Behind the Window	6
Children's Age, The	68
Christian Mother, A	125
Class Song of 1903	5
Consecration	12
Culture and Education	173
Daybreak	16
Dawn	15
Dawn in Winter	93
Der Einzige Stern	70
Descriptive Sentences	156
Drought, The	27
Evening	30
Evening Star at Christmas Time, The	92
Evening Reverie	102
Eventide	32

Faith, Hope, Love	66
Faithful Service	37
Father, I Thank Thee	10
Forsaken	56
Free Will	108
From the Hilltop	80
From the Spirit's Depth	20
Heavenly Power, The	19
Heart of Friendship, The	159
Highland Winter	87
H. T. S.	131
Huettlein Im Walde, Das	100
If—Parody on Kipling's "If"	132
If—But	47
John Greenleaf Whittier	134
Land of War, The	118
Lest We Be True	40
Let the Springtime In	64
Life	31
Little Black Speck	35
Lonely	84
Love	11
Love	142
Man of the Hour, The	67
Menchenseele, Die	91
Misunderstood	105
My Life Is Like a Summer Rose	99
My Little Charge	85
Nature's Moods	43
Night and Morning	50
Night Is Dark, The	73
Night Is Over, The	83
Ode to Friendship	21
Ode to the Memory of My Father	75

Oh Changeless Undercurrent	55
Oh, Come Away	36
Oh Heart of Mine	95
Oh World of Beauty	38
Only An Elm Tree	154
On Returning Home	41
On Receiving a Bouquet of Pansies at the Eitel Hospital	98
On Receiving a Bouquet of Tulips While in a Sick Room	107
Our All-in-All	89
Pilgrim's Right, My	109
Prayer, A	126
Prayer For A Friend,d A	25
Reflected Light	48
Rest	29
Robin, Sing	38
Sabbath, The	175
Single Star, A	71
Slaughtered Babyhood	116
Slumber Village, The	72
Small Village, A	145
Snow, The	104
So Much To Live For	42
Song, A	44
Sonnet	108
Stars, The	13
Strive On	49
Summer Night, A	52
Summer Sky, A	17
Summer Song, A	18
Temptations, The	177
Thunder Storm, The	69
To An Autumn Violet	51

To A Swallow at Twilight	82
To Darling Baby	8
To Fredericke On Her Twenty-Third Birthday	85
To G—	122
To My Father	74
To My Love	123
To Rev. A. W. B. On Hearing Of His Severe Illness..	86
To The American Goldfish	39
To The Father of Waters	112
To The First Robin	110
Triplet	106
Truth	124
Trying to Sleep	158
Twilight	33
Unity of Souls	174
Unusual Sunset, An	153
Voice In The Wilderness, A	14
Waiting	34
Wehmut	91
What Is Life Worth In The Twentieth Century? ..	169
What Is Most Worth While?	186
When Love Failed In Its Mission	9
When Nature Speaks	171
Winged Spirit, The	57
Woman's Dress, A	149

INDEX TO FIRST LINES

Afar down on the banks	58
All day it rained	57
All the hills stretched green	144
And the wood-thrush of Essex	134
Another day is breaking	15
Another night is nearing	33
A pilgrim child is fainting	9
As I sit and gaze from my window	152
As I think of that gentle child now	156
A thousand times may God be praised	8
Be thou as the lily, pure	7
Cheerie, cheerie, chee!	110
“Child of my brain”	14
Could Lanier possibly have	53
Crushed was the faith that was	66
Dear little room, at last, at last	26
Didst thou hear the patter of the rain	103
Didst thou hear the wild winds howling	69
Dreamily, drowsily, drifting by	18
Drip-drop-drip-drop	158
Du Abendstern, du Adendstern	91
Education is the development	173
Endless, endless flowing river	55
Everybody calls her “Aunty”	143
Every pine tree is laden	28
Father, I thank Thee that Thou	10
Forsaken by all but the Father	56
Freely Thou hast given	12

Free Will? Ah, yes, and yet Divine Will, too	108
High in a tree	27
Hush! Hark! Come, step softly	171
I awoke in the dead of midnight	31
I feel the summer slipping	49
I found a soul the other night	133
I had a friend	106
I heard the dawn advancing	44
I paused in my pleasant ramble	145
I knelt alone	71
I sit alone at eventide	32
I that they would not find him	131
I went into a bloody field	26
Ich etch' allein	70
Ich kenn' ein kleines Hutchen	100
Ich liebe dich so innerlich	121
If all that rhymed	47
If you can keep your peace	132
If every star had	48
Ihr Stern', was meint euer	91
In those days came John, the Baptist	177
It had been one of three, land	153
It is not what the many do	40
It was a little fisher's lad	96
Just to be always doing	109
Little black speck, so high	35
Little dash of sunshine	39
Lo, the last pale sickle of the moon	93
Lo, what a blaze of wondrous peace is that	92
Lone star, so peaceful is the quiet night	108
Love is like a river	142
Love is a passion, deep and strong	11
Majestic lift the hills their hoary heads	87
My life is like a summer rose	99

My little charge is fast asleep	85
Not to be always wanting	37
O, come away	36
O gentle autumn violet	51
O, hazy heights of summer sky	17
O heart of mine, why dost thou	95
O, is there none in all his wanderings	84
O, to wait is weary, weary	34
O world of beauty, who am I	38
Oh, Father, tonight my heart is so weary	65
Oh, for the luxury of somebody's love	11
Oh, heart, I would that thou wert silent	21
Oh, mother, with thy little flock	125
Oh night in thy mystic splendor	57
Oh, Thou Great Founder of Eternal Truths	89
Oh, yes, the grass returns and the flowers	65
Only a bit of narrow woods	6
Open up the winder	64
Our darling school is o'er at last	5
Our hearts leap up when we	68
Out in the cold and darkness alone	100
Out of the ashen weight of Heave n	104
Peerless and passionless	67
Pretty pansies, dipped in dew	98
Rest tired hands, rest	29
Robin, robin in the treetop	38
Sadly smiles the wan, descending sun	74
Said the chief in iron tones	45
Sink, sink, O summer sun	30
Slumber on, my babe, my babe	101
Softly pillowed on the night's full rapture	50
So free, so fair, so far	82
So much to live for, so much to do	42
Stillness, stillness, far and near	52

Thank God the night is over	83
The little village lies in slumber	72
The law that bid the wind be still	124
The love thou bearest me, Love	123
The melodies of the throbbing forest sink	48
The mournful call of the cuckoo	43
The mutest cry that ere ascended	19
The night is dark, and far and near	73
The poetry of the evening	102
The Sabbath is a golden clasp	175
The world is wide and wonderful	80
There is a land where the rivers run red	118
There's a rift in the eastern horizon	16
They gleam, they glow, they glisten	13
They tell me that I was born	162
This elm stands alone	154
Thou calmer of my keenest woes	112
Thou dost call me, gentle Father	126
Three hundred thousand babies dead?	116
Too much, too much; at length the great heart broke	75
Wearily the wind is sighing	20
What is life in the Twentieth Century?	169
What is most worth while	186
When I return to my girlhood home	41
When Mem'ry slings like ivy	85
When we shall part in the valley	86
Where is the seat of the terrible conflict	128
Winifred never quite understood	159
With a wish for a Merry Christmas	122
Yes, superficial tho it may seem	149
Ye tulips, of yellow, ye visions	107

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 407 689 5

